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HAPPY NEW YEAR!

NEW YEAR CALLS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Drawn close to the walk, right in front of the door
Its buffalo robes crimson lined, is my sleigh:
With Thomas erect on the high seat before,
And, nerved with impatience, my bright, blooded bay.

I climb to my place, wrap the robes round me there;
A skip and a bound, then away up the street,
To the sound of the bells in the keen frosty air,
With wide, smoking nostrils and swift, noiseless feet.

First of all to the house of the fair Misses Jones,
Who reside in a mansion some distance up town,
Which their father, bald headed and corpulent, owns,
A rich cotton broker, and partner of Brown.

Arrived at the door I alight from my sleigh,
Mount the steps, and at length, in the drawing room's glow,
Pass the compliments round of the season, by way
Of etiquette, bowing with shoulders bent low.

The ladies are there—Mrs. Jones, mild as milk,
And her three blooming daughters, of whom I would peak,
The eldest in satin, the second in silk,
And the youngest of all in a *moire antique*

The first a brunette is, with large, lustrous eyes;
The next is a blonde, wondrous stately and fair;
And the third, a petite, dainty creature in size,
Has eyes of clear hazel and rich chestnut hair.

The room is resplendent with gay chandeliers,
With mirrors and pictures that cover the walls;
On the thick velvet carpet the ear scarcely hears
The sound of one's footstep, so softly it falls.

The curtains are damask that veil the chill glare
Of the pale, winter sunbeams that enter meanwhile;
And the rich carven furniture, sofa and chair,
Is of rosewood and crimson, the latest in style.

We chat for a time, then above my thin glass
I bow to the ladies quite low as before;
Sip my wine, bid farewell, make my exit and pass
Down the broad flight of steps to my sleigh at the door.

Then away, up the street, with a skip and a bound,
And the sound of the bells, goes my bright, blooded bay,
To the Smiths and the Browns, on her blithe New Year's round,
Through the keen, frosty air, till the close of the day

LONDON AFTER DARK.

On this Tale is Founded the Popular Drama.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER—ELIZA'S FIRST RECEPTION AT THE LAURELS

Mr. Summerford had newly christened his new residence, calling it "The Laurels." The idea, of which he was very proud, had been suggested to him by a couple of laurel trees growing at the bottom of his garden. Eliza, filled with hope until she had arrived before the villa, then felt all her courage forsake her. The joyful anticipation that had accompanied her on the road thither, at once abandoned her when her journey was ended, and it was several minutes before she could summon sufficient boldness to knock at the door and tell her errand. Following the instructions she had received, Eliza, after the hesitation which we have noted, proceeded to the servant's entrance; and it so happened that, in answer to the ring, the door was opened by Betsy Greesby. Observing how poorly clad was the young girl who stood before her as though not daring to speak, and half supposing that Eliza was about to solicit charity, the cook said, in a kind, encouraging tone:—

"What is it my poor girl?"

"If you please," nervously ventured Eliza, "can I—may I be allowed to see the—the gentleman who—who is the butler?"

Eliza's sweetly pretty face and suffering look had at first view greatly prepossessed the cook in her favor; but all that was changed in a moment.

"Who may you be, pray!" cried Betsy, with much asperity. "Perhaps you will be good enough to tell me what you want with Mr. Seller? I have a right to know, I think!"

The cook had, as she believed, sufficient reason for this extraordinary behavior. Her fellow servants, in order to create for themselves a little sport, had, that very morning, been assuring her that the butler was dreadfully deceitful, that there was another young woman he loved much better than he loved Betsy, and that the only reason he had not already married her was because she was very poor. Addressed so very sharply, Eliza was unable to answer a single word; and Betsy Greesby, believing that she had it now in her power to confound the butler in his treachery, shrieked aloud for him with all her might.

Mr. Seller was in the pantry when arose that terrible outcry; down dropped the dish he had been holding, and off he ran, nearly frightened out of his life, believing that something dreadful had happened.

"Good gracious, Betsy, my love, whatever is the matter?"

"Don't call me your love—there stands your love, you base, mercenary wretch!"

"I wish I may die, Betsy, if I know what you are talking about," stammered the utterly astounded butler.

"Oh, you brazen, shameless villain, aint you afraid that I shall tear your eyes out?"

But here those who had created the mischief set to work to undo it. They had not been prepared for such a *denouement* to their little domestic drama, and at once confessed their delinquency, and endeavored to appease the irate and indignant Betsy. Cookey was too greatly pleased to find that the affair had been only a joke to hold out long against the entreaties for pardon of those who had concocted the jest without intending that it should cause so much misehief. But that bad beginning helped Eliza to a good ending, for the cook, feeling that she had made a fool of herself, and had behaved very badly indeed to the young woman, who even still was trembling and looking scared, was eager for an opportunity to show her sorrow and to make atonement. After making a thousand apologies, Betsy said:—

"I have nearly frightened you to death, poor dear, I can see that—a glass of wine will do you good; and perhaps you have had a long walk and could pick a bit of cold fowl? Sit down, my dear, and I will wait upon you myself."

But Eliza thanked her and declined, and producing a letter, handed it to Mr. Seller, who, having opened it, exclaimed:—

"I declare it's from our friend Mr. Grover!"

"Law!" cried Betsy; "and whatever can it be about?"

"Well," said the butler, "he asks us to get this young woman some of the dressmaking that we told him was going on for Miss Louisa's wedding—he says he doesn't personally know the bearer of this, but that she is the daughter of an old friend of his, and that he shall be very much obliged to us, and so, too, will be Miss Caroline Cook, if we can be of service to her."

"Oh," cried the cook, "if my cousin Carry recommends her, that is enough."

Betsy's cousin had never even heard of Eliza, but Sam had thought that the mention of her name in the matter would be likely to produce a good effect and enlist the sympathies of both cook and butler. Nor was he at all mistaken, for Betsy Greesby, anxious to recompense Eliza for the rough treatment just inflicted on her, was very glad that in doing so she could oblige her cousin; while Betsy's wishes were of course commands for Mr. Seller.

"I'll go at once and speak to Miss Louisa," said the butler.

"That's right. And don't you be afraid, my dear, it's certain to be all right, for Miss Louisa is one of the kindest, best hearted young ladies that ever lived,"

"And I have lived so long in the family," proudly said Mr. Seller, "that it would be very hard if I had no influence in it."

He was hurrying away, when the cook called him back.

"Stay a minute, Peter. A thought has just struck me."

"Make haste then, Betsy, because I have got all my work to do yet."

"Well, look here, Miss Louisa's waiting-maid has been gone a week, and she hasn't yet found another to suit her, I know; so you might as well ask for that situation when you are about it."

"Um," muttered the butler, "I am afraid that ——"

"Oh, nonsense; it's an easy situation enough, and if anybody doesn't know they may soon learn how to do all that is wanted."

"It isn't exactly that," hesitated Seller, glancing at Eliza's old and faded dress; "if she were a little more smart——"

"Bother," cried Betsy; "Miss Louisa has got a heart that doesn't want fine clothes to soften it; you go and talk to her and if you talk properly you will succeed; and if you don't succeed, I shall know that you haven't talked properly, and I will never forgive you."

"It shan't be my fault if I fail," replied the butler; and off he went.

"How can I ever thank you!" Eliza gratefully said to the cook.

"I owe you a reparation, my dear," replied Betsy Greesby. "What a savage, disagreeable brute you must have thought me."

Placing a cold fowl and a decanter of sherry before Eliza—

"There, now eat and drink as much as ever you can," proceeded Betsy, "that you may have courage to speak out presently before Miss Louisa."

"I shall not know, I am afraid, what to say to her,"

"Make a good meal, and take a glass or two of wine, and then you will be at no loss."

"And perhaps after all she may not consent to see me."

"Don't you be in alarm about that; Miss Louisa, bless her, is not the one to turn anybody away unheard. And I think you'll get the waiting-maid's place; and if you don't, she is sure to find you some employment, and if she doesn't, I will, so do you make your mind easy."

"Oh, never will I forget your goodness to me!"

"You are not wanted to talk yet, so eat, my dear. Why, if it were possible that Miss Louisa could refuse Seller, he'd give warning directly; and so would I, too, for that matter,"

"No, no; I should never forgive myself if ——"

"It wouldn't much matter, for Mr. Summerford will have to look out for a new cook and butler soon, at any rate, because before long Seller and I are going to leave to get married, and go into the public line."

CHAPTER XIX.

A COLD LOVER—THE UNCONSCIOUS RIVALS.

Mr. Summerford and his daughter were in very earnest conversation together.

"I never knew in all my days," the gentleman was saying, "such an inconsistent and unreasonable girl as you are."

"Now, my dear father," returned Louisa, "you really must excuse me if I tell you that you are talking nonsense."

"Well, I'm sure!"

"Surely a young girl has a right to expect that a lover——"

"Of what have you to complain? Richard Brandon has shown himself prepared to become your husband"

"Very good of him, I am sure," Louisa ironically said; "and no doubt I am expected to be greatly obliged to him for his condescension."

"What would you have?"

"I would have him display a little ardor, some degree of eagerness to—— "

"Ah, yes, you would like him to go raving about, after the fashion of your heroes of romance; but Richard Brandon is not one of that sort."

"Indeed, he is not. But I have always the idea that he is uncomfortable in my presence, and takes every opportunity to avoid me. Even now he is not in the house."

"No, he is gone out for his usual morning walk."

"Not to return, perhaps, as very frequently happens, until the evening, and then looking worn and jaded."

"He is full of sorrow," as he has told me, in consequence of recent bereavements, and is endeavoring to walk away his troubles, that he may think only of his coming happiness."

"Shall I tell you my thoughts, father!"

"Just as you please; they are certain not to be worth much," testily replied the merchant.

"In the first place," said Louisa, "I believe that but for that long existing and stupid contract which, in a manner, compels him to marry me, Mr. Brandon would fly from us never to return."

"You say that, Louisa," angrily cried her father, "because you wish he would do so. You don't love him—you won't try—and are seeking an excuse for your meditated refusal to obey the wish so dear to my heart; you want to compel me to forfeit the word I gave to my poor friend."

"No; I would, as you know, almost sooner die than afflict you——"

"There's a darling! Bless you!"

"And I do not at all dislike Mr. Brandon; and I might come to love him, if——"

"If what?"

"If I could believe that he loved me.'

"He does—he does!"

Louisa shook her head.

"Well, then," cried Summerford, "he will—take my word for it, he will."

"No," responded Louisa, "there is an insurmountable obstacle to that."

"What obstacle?"

"He loves another!"

"Nonsense! who can have told you that rubbish?"

"I have learned it from Mr. Brandon himself."

"He has told you so?" exclaimed the merchant, looking perfectly amazed.

"No, father, he has not told me so; but I have heard it in his deep drawn sighs, have seen it in his dull and listless manner when by my side, have read it in his sad and careworn looks."

"If I thought that you were right—but, no, it is impossible!" cried the merchant. "However, I must have matters put on a proper footing. This evening I will have some talk with him, and if I am not perfectly satisfied, of course, my dear Louisa, I shall not expect you to——no, certainly not—I am not an old bashaw, you know, my love, so—wait till this evening, that's all, wait till this evening."

Louisa was about to say something more, but at that instant the butler made his appearance.

"Well, Seller, what is it?" demanded Summerford.

"I don't want you, sir," replied Seller; "it's Miss Louisa, that I—and I thought she was alone, or——"

"All right, Seller, I am going. Good bye, Loo, dear; just wait till this evening, and then we shall know exactly what we have to expect."

So said Mr. Summerford, as he rolled from the room.

Mr. Seller commenced immediately, and proved that he had the gift of speech to a considerable extent.

"A poor young creature," he said, "who has seen better days, a most accomplished girl, a relation of Betsy Greesby's, answers for her in every particular."

All that and much more, till he was interrupted by Miss Summerford, who desired him to send the young girl to her.

Already prepossessed in her favor, Louisa was greatly impressed by the charming features and graceful, though painfully nervous, manner of Eliza, as presently she softly glided into the room.

"Come along, my dear," said Louisa, with an encouraging smile; "if I look terrible at a distance, you will find, on approaching me, that I am perfectly harmless."

And Eliza, confusedly uttering her thanks, slowly advanced:—

"Poor girl, how pale you are," exclaimed Louisa; "your eyes seem red with weeping."

"Yes, indeed," softly said Eliza, "I have shed many tears."

"Well, poor girl, you shall shed no more if I can help it. Tell me, what is your name?"

"Eliza."

"And your family name?"

"Pardon me if, for the present at all events, I conceal that from you."

Louisa looked greatly surprised, and her features were slightly clouded with just a shadow of doubt and mistrust.

Observing which Eliza proceeded:—

"I am come to you, Miss Summerford, as my last hope, almost, and if you will succor me you must be altogether generous—you must tender to me a helping hand without demanding wherefore I suffer, must have pity on my tears without asking me wherefore I weep."

"Guard your secrets," Louisa trustingly responded. "You have told me you are unhappy, and that is all that I desire to know."

"Oh, thanks, thanks!" exclaimed the deeply grateful Eliza. "Heaven is my witness that I am not unworthy of your pity!"

"If I felt not certain of that, should I so welcome you? And now, to begin, you must immediately get rid of those poor habiliments, and clothe yourself in one of my dresses, until such time as we can have you fitted with a wardrobe of your own."

"I may never hope to repay you for so much goodness, but heaven will reward you."

Eliza, shedding grateful tears, threw herself upon her knees, and grasped and covered with kisses the hand of her young benefactress.

CHAPTER XX.

SORELY TRIED—A MISTAKE AND A CONFESSION—AFTER DARK.

Miss Summerford having summoned one of the servants whom, for the last few days, she had promoted to be her waiting maid, gave certain instructions concerning Eliza, desiring, at the same time, that she should be treated with every attention and respect. Louisa then retired to her snug and elegant boudoir in which, after about half an hour, she was rejoined by her *protege*. And as Eliza presented herself in a plain white dress and her hair smoothed and arranged, Louisa involuntarily started and exclaimed:—

"Oh!—now, how beautiful you are!"

"Then, pontingly she added:—

"Go away—I shall be jealous of you, for you are far prettier than I am, as the man to whom I am affianced will soon discover."

"Oh, for heaven's sake," trembled Eliza, "do not withdraw your kindness—do not drive me from you!"

"Why, you silly, silly girl," laughed Louisa; "did you really think I was serious? Bless you, if even you were to—but never mind that. Really, though, you are charming thus—no matter, I will make myself beautiful to struggle against you."

She seated herself at a toilet table, on which stood a large looking glass and called Eliza to her.

"Look," said Louisa, "yonder are some of the fine things and the jewelry that my father has purchased for me. I wish to try them on; and you shall give me your opinion as to whether they become me."

"My opinion? a poor girl who——"

"Poor girl," gaily interrupted Louisa, "are as good judges of finery as the very richest young ladies—all women have an equal knowledge that way—'tis in the blood, my dear. I told you just now that I considered you charming in that dress, and shall expect Miss Eliza, that you will presently say the same of me. Come," playfully she proceeded, "assist me. Dip your hand into yonder basket and let's see what you will find."

Eliza obeyed and brought first from the basket a bridal wreath, which she gave to Miss Summerford.

First of all," said Louisa "let's see how you will look in it."

She was about to place the wreath on Eliza's brow, but the poor girl shudderingly retreated, saying hurriedly:—

"Oh, no, no, I implore you!"

"Why, whatever is the matter with you?" Louisa in great astonishment demanded.

"Oh," wept Eliza, "you know not how great the pain you are inflicting on me."

"What can you mean?"

Eliza shivered and turned away, and Louisa, after seeming a few moments undecided as to how she should act, then said:—

"No, I have promised to respect your silence—keep your secrets and pardon me."

"How good and generous you are!" murmured Eliza.

Louisa placed the wreath upon her own brow, and then asked for the pearls and jewels, telling Eliza that they were at the bottom of the basket.

Eliza found and gave to Miss Summerford various jewels, amongst which were a necklace and bracelets.

Then, returning to the basket, Eliza next took from it a *carte de visite*, at which, naturally, she glanced, and as she did so uttered a faint cry, which was heard by and attracted the notice of Louisa Summerford.

"What is the matter?" inquired the latter.

"This—this portrait?" faltered Eliza.

Her agitated tone and manner were unobserved by Louisa, who was adorning her person with the jewels and gazing at herself in the glass, to judge of the effect which they produced.

And so, without turning towards Eliza, she said, carelessly:—

"Portrait? Oh, that is he."

"He, what he?"

"My husband that is expected to be," the young lady with a little indifferent laugh, responded.

"Her husband," mentally exclaimed poor, unhappy Eliza. "This, then, is my rival; this the woman whose wealth has caused him to abandon me; and she is so pretty, so good and fascinating, that now, having beheld her, he—— Oh, cruel were the hands that dragged me from the river!"

In a minute or so Miss Summerford, leaving the toilet table, and going to Eliza, said:—

"So you are still gazing on that portrait? Well, perhaps you will be good enough to tell me what you think of my intended!"

And without waiting for a reply, rattled on:—

"Very good-looking, I think, and a capital likeness."

"Oh, heaven have pity on me!" inaudibly murmured Eliza.

The portrait was taken from her hand by Louisa, who banteringly said:—

"Upon my word, miss, you seem greatly struck—perhaps you have a mind to become my rival?"

"And you believe in his word—have faith in his vows?"

"His vows," smiled Louisa; "well, my dear, to tell you the truth— —"

"And you love him?" hastily interrupted Eliza.

"How you are questioning me!" cried the young lady.

"And he also loves you—and has told you so?"

"Why, the fact is——but you shall hear all about it another time."

"Oh, for me all is ended!" was Eliza's despairing thought.

"Now, come," said Miss Summerford, again seating herself before the glass; "I am not yet completely attired."

"It," hoarsely murmured Eliza, "it is you bridal attire?"

"Yes, although, perhaps—but never mind that now. Proceed, there's a dear."

"His wife—she his wife!" faintly groaned Eliza, as with trembling hands she endeavored to attach a bracelet to Louisa's arm.

And presently the bracelet dropped to the ground, and she sobbed forth, her tears almost suffocating her:—

"No, no, I cannot—I cannot!"

Louisa was more than ever astonished.

"What signifies this?" she demanded; why those tears?"

"Oh, forgive me," moaned the wretched Eliza; "but that bridal wreath—those marriage preparations, if you but knew—oh, heaven, they drive me mad!"

"Mad!" echoed Louisa. "And wherefore!"

"You would know? Well, because——"

Eliza stopped abruptly.

"Continue," said Miss Summerford.

But Eliza was reflecting that this rival had extended to her in her misery a succoring hand, had had pity on her, and so resolved that she would be the only one to suffer.

"Farewell," she presently exclaimed; "I ought not, I cannot, I will not remain here."

"How," wonderingly cried Louisa, "you would quit me—already!—you refuse to tell me the cause of your grief, of your tears, and you talk of departing! No, no, you shall not—you must not—I entreat you——"

"Why this emotion at the idea of my departure?" somewhat harshly said Eliza. "What more am I to you than a stranger whom to-day you see for the first time?"

"But you know not how great a liking, how much attached to you I have already become, and the least that you could do would be to say wherefore you wish to quit me?"

"Well, then," desperately exclaimed the poor creature, "I will tell you; I go, because I must—because the sight of your happiness is a torture to me."

"Ah! how is that?"

"Because I can never be happy thus; because from him I love I am for ever separated—must never more behold him!"

"Poor girl. Stay and I will console you."

Eliza shrank shudderingly from the arms that were extended to embrace her.

"Touch me not," she cried, "and let me be gone, this instant!"

"But I will not have you go—you shall not!"

There was a tap at the door of the boudoir, and Louisa, hurrying to and opening it, saw Mr. Seller.

Impatiently demanding to know what he wanted, Miss Summerford was told that two young ladies, her particular friends, had called and were waiting to see her.

"How tiresome," she said, returning to Eliza; "here are some visitors that I cannot refuse to see; but I shall not allow them to detain me long, and you must promise me to remain here until I return, and that, at all events you will not think of going away until you have seen me once again. Do you promise me that?"

Eliza slightly bowed her head.

"Very good," cried the young lady; "and then we will have a little more talk together, and I hope and believe that, afterwards, your desire to leave me will have completely vanished."

Away she ran, having by this time thrown back into the basket the jewels and the bridal wreath. Eliza sank into the chair which had been occupied by her rival, and distractedly murmured:—

"Remain—again to see him—here, before her who soon will be his wife. Yes, already I am totally forgotten by him—forgotten, as though I had never been Yes, he loves her, for she is young, beautiful and rich—rich! Ah, that is it—oh! that accursed money; but for that I had not perhaps been doomed to eterna misery."

The shades of evening had been approaching before Miss Summerford quitted Eliza, as we have seen, and the despairing girl sat there, benumbed and stupified with her overwhelming grief, till the room had grown entirely dark, with the exception of the little light afforded by a fire which, being untended, was gradually expiring in the grate. That Eliza was left thus was no fault of Louisa, who, against her will, was detained by her visitors. At length in the open doorway, for Miss Summerford, in her hurry, had neglected to close after her the door of the boudoir, there stood—hesitating and striving for courage to enter the room—Walter Brandon. Remembering Eliza, to wed with another had become for him an impossibility. He had at last resolved no longer to be the slave of those into whose vile clutches he had fallen. He would brave the worst they might have power to inflict upon him, but would no longer act the impostor; would no longer lie to his father's dearest friend, nor treacherously deceive and hypocritically lure to misery and degradation the trusting girl who listened to him in full confidence of his truth and honor. He had returned to the villa that evening with the full determination to speak out and make a clean breast of it.

Walter thought, too, of the wrong that he was doing, of the shameful blow he had been contemplating against the brother whom for years he had not seen, and whom he loved, and longed so eagerly again to behold. It was on Louisa he had been about to inflict the greatest injury, and to her would he first confess and sue for pardon. The servant whom he had asked where he might find Miss Summerford had told him that the young lady was in her boudoir, knowing that she had gone there, and being unaware that she again had quitted it. To the boudoir then Walter proceeded, and, finding the door open and feebly distinguishing seated there a female figure in a white robe, believed, as a matter of course, that Louisa was before him. Summoning all his resolution, Walter advanced into the room, saying, with trembling voice:—

"Pardon," Miss Summerford, that I thus intrude upon you, but it is a very serious matter which brings me to your presence."

Eliza, seated with her back towards him, recognized his voice, and, with a stifled cry, covered her face with her hands.

Finding that she neither stirred nor spoke:—

"Wherefore do you receive me thus?" pursued Walter. "Why this silence? Oh, heaven, can it be that you have by some means already learned the deception that has been practised on you? Oh, yes, I see you know all, and you do well in refusing to look upon me—in concealing from me your face."

Still Eliza continued silent and motionless.

"Oh, I have been guilty, shamefully guilty towards you—but a thousand times more so should I be were I willing further to pursue the deceit of which you have been the victim, if I could longer hesitate to confess my guilt, and to implore your pardon and generous pity!"

"What does this mean—what is he about to say?" the astounded Eliza asked herself."

"In every way I am unworthy to become your husband; I cannot even plead that I love you, for with me now, and ever will be, is the memory of one who possessed my whole heart's affection, and whom I have killed!"

"Oh, he loves me—loves me still," was Eliza's joyful thought.

"But for me that adored one had been living now, the heart that was all her own is now consuming with remorse that I have murdered her.

"Yes, the man who has usurped another's place with you, has as surely killed by his desertion the poor devoted Eliza as though he had slain her with steel or poison. Speak to me Louisa, one word to tell me that you do not abhor and curse me and that I may hope one day to obtain your pity and forgiveness."

There was a sudden flash of light, and he beheld Louisa, who entered the boudoir, followed by a servant bearing candles.

"You! it is you!" cried Walter, utterly bewildered.

"Why are you thus surprised?" demanded Louisa.

"Why, why? Who then is seated there—to whom have I been speaking?"

Eliza arose from her chair, and with her back against the toilet table, on which she fastened her hands to steady and save herself from falling, confronted the lover who had deserted, and who had believed her lying in a watery grave.

Perfectly aghast, Walter wildly cried:—

"Is this an illusion—a dream—or is it indeed her spectre that I now look upon?"

Eliza, gathering herself together for the effort, fled from the room by a door near to her, vanishing as quickly almost as though she had been indeed a spirit.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.
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NOTICE.

Advertisers must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

Robert Rose, Stamford, Ct.—1. We have not seen him since, and do not know how long he proposes stopping in the city. By calling at this office when you arrive you can learn his whereabouts. 2. Hawthorne, of Derby, beat Patsy Clay, and was beaten by him. Do not know of any other of that name. Geo. Hawthorne was beaten by Ned Moseley. 3. Bill Ryall, now in St. Louis, is the same who fought Goss twice.

F. Walker, Pittsburgh, Pa.—1. Yes, often. The quickest one mile time upon record, level ground, was made by Lang and Richards (who are now in this country), viz: 4 min. 17¼ sec., Manchester, Eng., August 19, 1865. 2. Lang is accredited with running a mile, down hill, in 4 min. 2 sec. 3. We make no charge for answering queries.

Pat, Stamford, Ct.—1. Donnelly and Cooper did not fight for the championship of England. 2. Donnelly won the fight in 22 minutes. 3. No. 4. You can obtain *Bell's Life* by ordering through Wilmer & Rogers, Nassau and Liberty streets, this city. 5. Sayers beat Harry Poulson in 100 rounds, 3 hours 8 minutes.

L. W., Cincinnati.—Seymour's majority in this State was exactly 10,000, according to the official returns, consequently you are entitled to the money. The stakeholder is fully justified in retaining the money, however, until he is fully satisfied of the correctness of the returns.

Shamus, Spuyten Duyvil, N. Y.—Deaf Burke arrived in this city in 1834. He fought Sam O'Rorke, New Orleans, La., May 30, 1837, and O'Connell at Hart's Island, N. Y., 10 rounds, Aug. 21, 1837. He returned to England in the early part of 1838.

A. Patron, Marion, O.—1. Mrs. D. P. Bowers and Mrs. John Drew are about the best in this country. 2. Some prefer Booth, while E. L. Davenport has a host of admirers. 3. There is no Irish comedian at present on the stage that can excel the late John Drew. 4. Shoe. Campbell ranks among the best.

Amateur, Ohio.—A and B played a game of billiards. Nothing was said about barring the rush shot. When it became necessary, B made a push shot, when A claimed it foul, on the ground that it was not admitted unless agreed upon. Which was correct, A or B?.....B was correct.

Shalp 'Em Clean, Lawrence, Kansas.—1. We cannot inform you. 2. Dick and Fitzgerald's is a respectable publishing house. 3. Fulton, Atlantic, Hamilton and Catherine street ferries run to Brooklyn. 4. We have published the rules.

Constant Reader.—Dan Kerrigan defeated Andrew Kelly at Toland Pond, Vt., in 25 rounds, 45 minutes, August 21, 1860. Kelly also fought and was beaten by Ed. Price, at Point Abino, Canada, 11 rounds, 32 minutes, Oct. 6, 1858.

Old Sport, Fort Colville.—1. If you mean in America, by Legal Tender in 1864. 2. We cannot tell you what the average speed is. Put your question in a clearer form; we cannot tell what you wish to know.

T. Y. A., Huntingdon, Ind.—1. We do not know any dog fancier in Canada, nor does the party you name import his dogs from there. 2. We consider breechloaders superior to muzzleloaders for game shooting.

C. M. R., Columbus, O.—1. Yes, it will; port wine will not have the same effect. 2. We have a correspondent in your town; thank you all the same. 3. He is considered one of the best in the country.

Constant Reader.—He is said to have deserted his first wife in England and came here with the latter lady, who passed off for his wife, but whether they were really married or not we cannot say.

Carpenter, Morrisania, N. Y.—"In throwing dice A scores eleven, when B bets A that he beats A's throw, but only throws eleven. Does B win, or is it a draw bet?".....As B only tied, he lost.

Chick.—Charley Lynch fought seven times while in England, defeating: Harrington, Sullivan and Finighty, and being beaten by the latter, Dan Thomas, Billy Shaw and Geo. Holden. 2. His weight was 112 lbs.

Eugene.—A B are playing against C D. A deals the cards; B C and D pass; A takes up the trump and plays alone; D plays against him; A makes five tricks. How many points does he make?.....Four.

P. S. W., Fort Laramie.—1. If A orders B up, B cannot go above. 2. The last card counting fifteen scores three for the player. 3. The player going blind takes in the pot without showing his hand.

Stanwix, Rockville.—You can play as soon as the trump is declared, if you are disposed to do so; your playing before he discards is a point in his favor, we should think.

A. M. R., Philadelphia.—The returns for the State, according to the official canvass, are for Grant, 413,583; Seymour, 429,883. For the city—for Grant, 47,738; Seymour, 108,316.

H. M., Coatsville.—1. The judges can call back the horses after crossing the score. 2. We published the rules of pigeon-shooting last week, and cannot do it again.

Jeffersen.—We advise you to get the American Hoyle, by "Trumps," published by Dick & Fitzgerald, Ann street, New York, and you can learn how to play Casino.

W. B. R., Dubuque.—We never assume the liberty of giving admission tickets to any one, and the party claiming to have received such tickets from us is an impostor.

J. C. K., Amboy, N. J.—You can obtain the issue of Flotsam for the present year by addressing a note to Wilmer & Rogers, Liberty and Nassau streets, this city.

H. F. F., Wilmington.—Seymour carried eight States, viz: New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland and Oregon.

W. A., High Bridge, N. J.—The law requires that all bars be closed at 12 o'clock P. M., every night in the week, and throughout the Sabbath.

S. D. R., Port Jervis.—The fowls are to be breasted after the fifth and ninth tens are counted. We shall publish the New York rules shortly.

H. S. Goodsell, Canada.—Our opinion is that no one has a right to go alone, except the player who makes, orders up or takes up the trump.

Clipper Boy, Marysville, Mich.—1. Weston has abandoned his proposed walk to Minnesota. 2. The Clipper will cost you five dollars per year.

C. H. S., Chicago.—New York State had a democratic majority of 5,000, and "more too." We don't answer correspondents by mail.

Amherst, Boston.—Grant's official majority in Connecticut was 2,043; Brookline's vote (109) did not reach the canvassers in time.

T. H. S., St. Joe.—We cannot inform you when it was first published, but it has been sung in London for the past two years.

Sam, Pittsburgh, Pa.—No; it can be skated for upon any one of Harvey and Johnson's rinks that may be mutually agreed upon.

C. H. S., Lockport.—The salary of such performers is regulated according to their abilities. It ranges from $15 to $50 a week.

A. G. H., Fairfax, Iowa.—Cannot give you John Mullin's address. He has left Ann street, and we believe given up business.

Rip, St. Louis.—You can procure photographs of members of the profession of W. C. Wemyss, No. 3 Astor Place, this city.

A. C., Jr., Bradford.—Mr. J. J. O'Fallon, of St. Louis, owns Pat Miller. Messrs. Moore & Coffey own Fanny Chesham.

Fish Fly, New York.—Seymour's majority in Kentucky was 6,283; Grant's majority in Massachusetts was 77,089.

L. H., German Flats.—Grant received 214 votes in the Electoral College and Seymour 80. There'ore M. wins.

G. J., Pittston, Pa.—We cannot send a printed copy of the rules. They were published in our last issue.

Country Reader, Lysville, Ill.—Jack counts as often as turned up, providing there is no mislead.

J. W. C., Dover, N. H.—A wins, as Seymour and Blair were the successful candidates in this State.

F. M. Sykes, Michigan.—In this city Seymour's official majority was 60,578; Hoffman's, 69,450.

R. B., Toronto.—Probably you would gain all you seek by calling a first class minstrel band.

T. F. M., New York.—A poker, three aces and two sixes beat three kings and two queens.

M. D., Brookfield, O.—Make your question clearer. Three cards, or ruffles, beat three aces.

Humpty Dumpty.—He is only entitled to two throws, consequently he cannot throw again.

A. L. M.—A letter sent to our office for Mr. Harrison would reach him in about one week.

A. P. H., Cincinnati, O.—Send a deposit to this office and you will doubtless get on a match.

Joe W., Woodbury, N. J.—Coburn and McCoole fought near Charlestown, Cecil co., Md.

J. H. P., Pittston.—You will find the rules of pigeon shooting in last week's Clipper.

C. Bagot.—A and B can claim the honors when at eight and their opponents at nine.

C. K. P., Princeton, Ill.—Hyer stood 6 feet 1¼ inches, and weighed 185lbs.

Rosebe, Greenfield, Mass.—The general custom is to include the seven.

J. S. C.—A is debarred, for he cannot see the third player's cards.

D. R. C., Washington.—Grant's majority in Indiana was 21,272.

Shaker.—He was in Rochester, N. Y., when last heard from.

S. T., Chicago.—As Grant was elected Stuart wins the bet.

Maden Baden, Albany.—You lose. See answer to L. H.

Frank, Buffalo.—I can in brief will be acceptable.

Body.—The e stones beat three aces at poker dice.

T. W., Chicago.—Just 10,000

R. A. S.—He has frequently played the role of the Stranger

S. E. S.—Sylvester Bleecker is the manager, and a letter sent to care of P. T. Barnum, care Wood's Museum, this city, will reach him.

Government Clerk, Washington.—1. She is their mother. 2. Write to W. C. Wemyss, No. 2 Astor Place, this city, for photographs.

May, Baltimore.—We cannot inform you where he is at present.

C. M., Port Huron.—A letter sent to Utica, N. Y., will reach Alex. Robinson.

Constant Reader, Springfield, Ohio.—1. Daniel has never been a member of Congress. 2. It is by an English author.

William R., Covington.—Write to James Melville, care New York Circus, who can give you the information.

J. N. D. L., Bethlehem.—We do not know of any vacancy at present.

John Rivers, Wilmington, Del.—The money received pays for three insertions.

H. Henrl.—We sent your letters in the stamped envelope some time ago.

U. S.—A spectacle similar to the "Crook" will be presented at Niblo's before the present season closes.

Hartford.—It will cost D $1 to come in.

C. E. W., Boston.—She is not his legitimate wife.

C. H. M., Detroit.—The lady is past 35 years of age.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

With what a gusto of heartfelt sincerity do not these simple words hail anticipation of a hopeful change? A courteous salutation, interchanged among friends, and still almost the only one of our numerous conventional phrases which never fails to call forth a pleasurable emotion. There is no hypocrisy possible to cover the kind intent of this immemorial salutation, and we firmly and honestly believe that there breathes no man so dead to the instincts of nature as not to appreciate the promptings of Hope so affectionately conveyed in the cordial wishing of a Happy New Year. However bleak and desolate may have been his past, however poignant his sufferings at the present, with the dawn of the New Year the sore at heart, or the sick in body, welcomes the re-birth of Time, symbolically expressed in the day of the year's nativity, as an earnest of promised rejuvenation for both the soul and the body, a revivification through Hope.

A contemplative man, meditating upon the material changes following the course of the sun in its annual circuit, to employ familiar and not astronomical language, cannot hesitate to assimilate with its progress his own earthly existence, advancing, as he does, by measured steps, from infantile helplessness to youthful vigor, and thence to plenitude in maturity, only to succumb to a second childhood, closing with certain decay. How beautiful a type, viewed through analogy of mortal existence, is the great celestial luminary, judged by the effects of its chemical forces upon the vegetable and animal kingdoms, during the flight of each successive year, and how marked the periods of its rise and fall, compared with those in human life! Born in midwinter, powerless and bereft of genial influence, at a time when vegetation has apparently deceased, and hundreds of animals exist in a deathlike torpor, the sun moves almost imperceptibly towards the moment when, at advent of spring, his power commences to be felt, as the leaves and blossoms shoot forth from plants and trees, and the tortoise, the serpent and other creatures of the earth, emerge from their wintry stupor. Onward he moves, daily augmenting in strength, until, at midsummer, he reaches the climax of vivifying power, for then flowers and fruits attain full expanded maturity, while the beasts of the field roam in luxuriance of nature. The altitude of his mission passed, the fructifying energies of the sun are absorbed, and his decaying vigor reserved for conservation of the fruits of his toil during a short autumnal season, after which both he and his products pass, as it were, into the shadows of temporary death.

Can we wonder, therefore, that the wisdom of antiquity assumed the sun as the most comprehensible symbol of the mysteries of human existence? Man is born in utter helplessness; in the spring of his life he plants the seeds of his future greatness; in the midsummer of his days he accomplishes the fulness of his earthly mission, to conserve its fruits during the autumn of declining age, until he, like the sun, sinks into a slumbering rest, whence the soul is to re-emerge, purified from earthly taint, into some unknown sphere of eternity. And can we wonder then, that philosophers of bygone centuries, attaching so strong a moral value to a lesson of the sun's visible teaching, commemorated steps in his annual progress with distinctive festivals; and, above all others, ordained that of his nativity to be a feast of joy, of congratulation, and of promise?

New Year's Day, as an astro-theological solemnity, was observed among the different nations of antiquity, at various seasons of the year, in accordance with the peculiar characteristics of the people and their predominant occupations. Among nomadic tribes, the patriarchs commemorated the entrance of the sun into the Sign of Aries, the Ram, as the opening of the year; or, as it was the true beginning of spring and the fructifying influence of the luminary, the plains commenced to be covered with verdure, so necessary for the sustenance of their flocks. Agricultural nations, the Assyrians, for instance, honored as its nativity the sun's entrance into the Sign Taurus, the Bull, as denoting the period of the year when the ox should be yoked to the plow. The Egyptians celebrated the recovery of the body of Osiris or of the Sun, immediately upon subsidence of the waters of the Nile, that river being the Typhon of their mythology, the story of Isis being in this application nothing but an agricultural legend.

The Druids, from whom has been derived, indirectly and in a measure modified, a vast majority of the religious feast days to the present hour commemorated by the natives of the North, seem to have been governed in fixing the recurrence of the New Year by a purely astronomical calculation. To them, we of Anglo Saxon descent are indebted for the ordinary duration of Christmas tide, a series of holidays, commencing with the day of St. Thomas, December 21st, and terminating with Twelfth Night, or January 6 h, which last festival, however, can be regarded rather as a secondary Christmas, when that event was moved upon introduction of a change in the style of the calendar from Old to New during the last century. This entire season was occupied by the Druids in their astro-theological ceremonies, and hence it is impossible to determine which was the precise day they assigned to the opening of the year, particularly as the Christian missionaries engrafted all the festivals they found in vogue among the Northmen, when Pagans, upon the Church calendar. It is probably, arguing from astronomical ideas, that the Druidical solemnization of the nativity of the sun occured nearer Christmas than our present New Year's Day, if not upon Christmas itself.

Immediately after the Nativity of our Saviour occurs the day of St. John the Evangelist, falling upon December 27th, which is oftentimes celebrated by the Masonic fraternity, but the feast is in reality that of the Winter Solstice, or the shortest day in the year, when the power of the sun is the most circumscribed. The Masons, following the ancient Druidical customs, which form so prominent a study with the craft abroad, if not in this country, invariably celebrate the 24th of June as the day of St. John the Baptist; but in reality that day is the conventional festival of the Summer Solstice, or when the day is the longest of the year. It will be seen that, following the astronomical calendar, the true day of the sun's nativity, and of the actual commencement of the new year, should be the 28th day of December, when sunshine begins to prolong, and we have reason to believe that that day, instead of the first of January, was observed, and with good reason, by our forefathers as the anniversary of the year's birth, until the festivities of Paganism became blended with the practices of Christianity, whose preachers, adhering to Roman customs, calculated by the Julian calendar.

In the City of New York New Year's Day may be regarded as the holiday of holidays, inasmuch as none other is more universally, earnestly and faithfully observed. Evacuation Day can be considered practically as all but obsolete; the 8th of January, as a thing of the past; the 22d of February, a semi-political demonstration; the 4th of July, a military display; Thanksgiving, an affair of the State, and Christmas, a semi-religious festival. But New Year's! happy New Year's, is a gala with all classes, the old, the young, the rich, the poor—a grand carnival of jubilee, of congratulation, of hand-shaking and health drinking, which, if it can be taunted with a few abuses, should be commended for consistent jollity.

A few years back some prominent leaders of so-called fashion agitated the abolition of the practice of receiving visitors, the cardinal feature of the holiday; others went even so far as to advocate resumption of business at the banks and public offices; but happily the good sense of a portion of the community, backed by the stubborn obstinacy of another, unwilling that a universal holiday should be in the least degree abbreviated, defeated the traitorous project; hence New Yorkers are still suffered to emulate the Romans, the Greeks, the Assyrians and the Gauls in a joyous interchange of congratulations at the opening of a fresh period of time, whose entry we hail, oftentimes prophetically, as a Happy New Year

La Coterie Carnival and Bal Sasque.—This annual Philadelphia carnival, under the direction of Messrs. Abel and Risley, is appointed for Monday evening, January 11th, the Academy of Music having been secured for the occasion. Each year serves but to add to the interest manifested by the public in regard to these grand festivals; for, conducted as they are on the most liberal scale, with a proper regard for the comfort and enjoyment of their patrons, they never fail to attract the most crowded assemblages. All classes are well represented at this carnival; the merchant may be seen there, quietly enjoying the brilliant scene, or taking part in the exercises of the evening; the actor, free from the toils of his nightly labors, joins the merry throng, and helps to make the occasion a rare festival of pleasure. Even the hard-worked editor finds time to attend the Abel and Risley reunions, and take notes of passing events, men, manners and things. In fact, without any other inducement, that of being sure to see many celebrities of professional life, is sufficient to attract a numerous body of spectators; while the novelties always presented by the managers are of such a character as to amuse, bewilder and astonish all who behold them. The carnival of 1869 promises to surpass all former efforts. The ticket for this season contains a photographic view of last year's ball, well executed, and containing excellent likenesses of hundreds of the celebrities of Philadelphia and other cities.

Pigeon Shooting Match.—A match has just been arranged between Mr. John Taylor, of Jersey City, and Mr. Tinkler, of Providence, R. I., to shoot a match at seventy-five single birds, 1¼ oz. shot, for $300 a side, to come off on the Providence race track on Jan. 28.h.

IMPORTANT TO PLAYWRIGHTS.

Ever since the passage of the Dramatic Copyright Act by our National Congress—especially designed for the protection of stage literature of a native origin—a profound obscurity appears to have rested upon its construction as to the intent and nature of the protection guaranteed to dramatic authors in a practical point of view. Although a deal of litigation has occurred between rival managers with respect to clandestine productions of copyrighted pieces since the act was passed, their quarrels were confined to local courts, whose judgments could give no satisfactory decision as to the correct application of national provisions. We have at last been favored with the elaborate opinion of a Judge of a United States Court, a gentleman of erudition and sagacity, delivered in a case which, unintentionally we suppose, chanced to cover all the mooted points which can arise between authors and managers.

The case is a brief one. Mr Daly sued for an injunction restraining the management of Niblo's from representation of what was known as "the railroad scene" in a play, "After Dark," purporting to be the production of Boucicault, upon the ground that the said scene was a plagiarism from a piece copyrighted by Mr. Daly as its author under the provisions of the dramatic law.

Judge Blatchford, in delivering the opinion of the Court, decided that, under the provisions of the act, the plaintiff was entitled to recover as well for a part as for the whole, and, consequently, that the plagiarism of a scene or incident was as much of an infringement of the act as the appropriation of an entire play. In this view of the case his Honor was decidedly correct, as far as the text of a play is concerned, although his decision not only strikes at the very root of the method employed by dramatic patchers of the Boucicault school, but lays managers, who purchase and produce pieces of that composite description, open to the annoyance of litigation from half a dozen or more sources, a consideration which may eventually banish from our stage a series of machine made dramas, whose only merit consists in the appropriation, combination or imitation of the leading incidents culled from other, and oftentimes copyrighted, sources, disguising them under new names and in other language.

But to detect plagiarism in dramatic representations, his Honor laid down a proposition which we apprehend to be both novel and startling, and far beyond the compass to which the most liberal interpretations of the laws for literary protection could be expected to extend. As a ground work for his opinion the learned judge adopts the position that in a musical composition the air is the invention of the author, and any appropriation of that in which consists the meritorious portion of the invention, without material alteration or sequence of bars, is to be legally considered as piracy. To this position he assimilates the effect produced upon a spectator by a series of dramatic incidents, following each other in succession so as to form an effective scene, and maintains that a like piracy is committed by any person who should incorporate in another play, without material alteration in the constituent parts, of the scene in which the particular merit of the invention consists, or in the series of events, or in the sequence of events in the series, the adaptation of which is likened to that of the musical notes.

But the Judge does not content himself with even this liberal interpretation of the law, but says: "the adaptation of such series of events to different characters, who use different language from the characters and language in the first play, is like the adaptation of the musical air to a different instrument, or the addition to it of variations or of an accompaniment. The original subject of the invention—that which required genius to construct it and set it in order—remains the same in the adaptation." And then, fearing that he might be misunderstood in the application of the rules laid down by him as to the assimulation of dramatic with musical effects, Judge Blatchford more fully elucidates his position. "It is piracy," decrees his honor, "if the appropriated series of events when represented on the stage, although performed by new and different characters, using different language, is recognised by the spectator through any of the senses to which the representation is addressed, as conveying substantially the same impression to, and exciting the same emotions in the mind in the same sequence and order."

As a matter of course, under the opinion from which we have quoted the salient points, Mr. Daly obtained the relief he sought for, and Mr. Boucicault will have to look to some new source whence to conjure up sensational effect other than upon a rail way track, for it is difficult to imagine how, with the latitude legally accorded Mr. Daly's inventive genius, it can be possible to avoid "exciting the same emotions in the mind" of a spectator of a threatened counterfeit railroad accident, without trespassing upon his copyrighted privileges. In fact, under Judge Blatchford's decision, the machinery of the stage receives a prominence over literary merit, inasmuch as the effect produced upon the audience, as he admits, being the result of a series of mechanical contrivances addressed to the eye as the main one of the series, the entire merit of Mr. Daly's invention equitably belongs to the stage carpenter and not to the play writer, whose characters and dialogue are accounted as naught. Indeed, we are almost tempted to believe that, in course of time, protection for theatrical machinery will be invoked wholly beneath copyright laws instead of the patent office, should Judge Blatchford's opinion be sustained, as a majority of these contrivances, such as for instance, the ghost, are only valuable for the "emotions excited in the minds" of the spectator. And still they are at present patented as machines.

We doubt not but that Judge Blatchford was inclined to protect dramatic literature, as well as theatrical invention, to the fullest power of the judiciary; yet we are unwilling to believe that the managers can conscientiously endorse the premises upon which he lays down judgment. His decision, so far from benefiting sensational dramatists, will it immately, if concurred in by other interpreters of the law, destroy their trade emphatically, for, as the means of producing exciting effects, irrespective of language employed, or of characters represented, must assuredly become limited, the stock in trade of spasmodic playwrights expires with its first exhibition.

But Judge Blatchford accords to a represented piece a privilege in copyright which has been denied to printed publications, and if this privilege be, with the universality of the decision now rendered, conferred upon literary authors, it will assuredly dramatize the dramatic writers of the present day. Presume a novelist to have described in a copyrighted fiction every incident, visually represented in Mr. Daly's railroad scene in such a manner as to excite identical emotions in the minds of the reader and the spectators, who would be stupid enough to imagine that the literary man could enjoin the scenic representation of a series of events, of the sequence of which, and of the effects thereby produced, he is unquestionably the original inventor. And yet, under this present interpretation of the dramatic copyright law, the adaptor of the written scene can, through dramatic representation, become sole proprietor, by that act alone, of an idea emanating from another source.

We disagree from Judge Blatchford in his assimilation of a musical to a dramatic composition, inasmuch as we believe the art of writing music to be identical with that of writing manuscript, and to be governed by similar considerations. An air is simply the arrangement of certain representatives of sound, as produced by a mechanical instrument; a poem is a like arrangement of alphabetical characters to evoke the melody of the human voice. Consequently it is the arrangement of the notes or characters in either composition which can be secured by copyright, for the emotions excited in the mind of an auditor depend entirely upon the manner in which the notes are played or the vocal characters recited, and cannot be taken as a critical test of either the merit or originality of a mental invention. The text of a book, arranged according to the whim and genius of its author, and not the subject matter by him treated, is the only property heretofore secured to a literary man by the most liberal construction of our copyright laws, which were extended, in the case of stage plays, so as to include the recitation of the text, secured by copyright, against being employed as a source of revenue to professional actors without sanction of its original author; and herein the dramatic author has been accorded a privilege which can never be granted to any other class of composers, literary or musical. And yet even this extraordinary concession is further extended in the opinion of Judge Blatchford through regarding the written text of a drama as secondary, and the effect, produced by the manner of its representation, as the primary subject matter for copyright.

With all due deference to his Honor's position and erudition, we regret to say that his judgement, in our opinion at least, cannot be sustained as the permanent law of the land.

A HARD ONE.

The papers are telling about a colored man walking along the streets of Memphis when a brick from a house in the course of erection fell from the top upon the darkey's head, breaking the brick in two. It is further related that the colored citizen looked up indignantly, and saw a brick layer gazing down in affright, whereupon he exclaimed: "Look here, you white man up dar, if you doesn't want all your mis'able bricks smashed, you'd better keep them off my head!"

That individual has what we would call "*breaker* a-head." The poor fellow's *case* was undoubtedly *hard*, we think. A *drop* like that on our caput we should regard as an undiluted *die*, and should forthwith knock under. When we encounter "a regular brick," we don't want one to come from the upper regions. Such heavenly visitors might give one too violent a *shock*. Our colored hero should try his *shell* (cocoa nut) against the piers of the Wheeling bridge, like Walter Brown did. We pity the doer, however. If the Clipper were not *peerless*, we might invite him to our office. But a column of the Clipper could hardly stand such a heading, and we don't want our inflexible *rules* broken. Brown recalls very hard, they say, but that nigger must have a harder sort of skull. Brown generally starts when he hears the starter holler "Row!" But that colored man never *started*, though the bricklayer would naturally holler "Oh!" We don't suppose his frontispiece would make much of a head for a monument; but there is not the least doubt that it would be an excellent *abutment* for anything. That head may not be a very long one, but we'll wager that it would be a hard one to run against in an argument. However, as we don't wish to be taken for a Hoodoo that darkey's cranium, we had better wind up. After all, enough has been said "on that head!"

"THE DAY WE CELEBRATE."

Impressed with the truth of the adage that New Year's Day is limited to a periodical visit of once a twelvemonth, the good people of our street are making preparations for its celebration on a gigantic scale. Last year they were so surfeited with holidays that it was in some degree slighted; but this year affairs have prospered to that extent that the Mogynns and their little clique of satellites are determined, for once, to do the thing in style. Being a public man and a member of all sorts of societies—likewise the husband of a very dashy woman and the father of a very pretty daughter, the circle of Mogyns's acquaintance is considerably extended, and he consequently selects New Year's Day as a favoring opportunity for creating an impression. The state carriage is trundled round to the door, with John, the liveried coachman, sitting so pompous before, and Jeames, the liveried footman, with the prominent calves, holding on behind, and the grand tour commences. It is surprising to see how unbending Mogyns can be when he chooses. His visits on other occasions are confined to the rich, but now he is animated by a more philanthropic spirit, and he will condescend to partake of cakes and wine with the wife of his bookkeeper and the daughters of his clerk. After all we are but human, and Mogyns admits as much by throwing open his door to the miscellaneous crowd of callers, and bidding his family fraternize freely with friends and neighbors. We cannot help thinking this is the true Christian principle, and that the day is all the more delightful for this universal shaking of hands and healing of differences. It puts a fresh countenance on everything that is to follow, and we don't wonder that the sun usually shines his brightest on that anniversary. It would really seem that he too thinks it advisable to put on his best clothes in honor of the initial day of the year. Round the corner reside the Slimmenses, respectable people in the tea and sugar line. Mogyns generally looks supercilliously at Slimmens, although he does speak to him, as one who has it in his power to poison him, if offended. His appearance within the hospitable domain of the Slimmenses creates a sensation, for his wealth has given Mogyns a wide spread renown. He charges his glass and tosses off the compliments of the season in a bumper of port, gives a toy to each of the children, kisses the baby, and departs, leaving the Slimmenses in an ecstacy of delight. They will talk of that visit for another twelvemonth, and it's very possible the baby will be christened after him. They do things differently on the block adjacent, where the people are of a democratic stamp and don't care for appearances, and the chance is that each and every occupant thereof will spend dollars where the Mogynses dispense stamps. To these good people New Year's Day is a holiday indeed, and one to be made the most of. The greeting one there encounters is genuine, and not a matter of form. Judging from the way they keep it up, they enjoy it, too, and when evening arrives the frolic has only begun, for there are the theatres and the minstrels to attend to, and there are at least a dozen balls, which will carry the matter over to the wee sma' hours of the day next adjoining. On the coming holiday, with the recollection of Christmas yet fresh in the common mind, the spirit of glee will preside over many a hearth and even the poor will entwine a garland with their *lares* and *penates*, for this is the people's holiday, and it is fit that it should be deservingly celebrated, and that we should launch our barks with a free sheet and a flowing sail upon the tide that every one hopes is to waft him on to fortune.

Sporting Squibs.

— A clock has been invented by a citizen of Burlington, Vermont, that runs by electricity, and never requires winding. It has only three wheels, no weights or sprung, and its frictition, is not affected by heat, cold, dampness or jarring. A single clock and battery can be connected with any number of dials and indicators, in the same building, or even along the whole line of a railway.

— Deer are shot every year in the extensive woods of Plymouth, Mass., around and beyond the South Ponds. Four deer were killed there in the latter part of November, one of them not very far from Billington Sea. Branch Pierce, the old hunter of the Plymouth woods, who used to guide Daniel Webster on his hunting excursions, killed during his lifetime a great many deer.

— Several citizens of Waterville, Me., met on the 16th ult. to organize an association for the purpose of introducing, breeding and improving pure blood Jersey and Alderney stock. A leading object will be to keep a correct record of the pedigrees of pure blood animals, so as to guard against deception, and afford convenient reference.

— An old gentleman at North Providence, R. I., has been put under guardianship by a probate judge for demanding a debt that had been paid, watering his horse in the afternoon, forgetting that he had been watered in the morning, and making out a rent bill fifty cents less than he should.

— Car conductors in New Orleans not only knock down, but are knocked down in turn. The car people threaway have a hard time of it. A few days ago a driver and his son were killed by a negro for demanding his fare, which our "colored friend and brother" considered very unfair.

— A lady who had refused an awkward but wealthy suitor, said to a friend as he passed:—"Look at him! Could you marry him, even if he had a carriage and horses?" "No, indeed," replied the other, "not if he kept a livery stable."

— A young man in Shelbourne Falls, Mass., promised to marry a girl of a neighboring town if Grant was elected, but now refuses to do so, insisting that it was all a joke. The girl, however, proposes to hold him to his word.

— Madison, Indiana, has a rink; the building, including dressing and refreshment rooms, &c., is 140 by 175 feet. There are two galleries for spectators on the sides. The rink proper is 100 by 175 feet.

— A bridal party in Newport, R. I., recently indulged in so much liquid festivity on the way to the clergyman's, that both bride and groom spent the night unmarried in the station house.

— There was lately a sale of violins in Paris, at which an instrument by Stradivarius was sold for $480, a Bergonzi for $140, and others at equally moderate prices. Oh, fiddle-de-dee!

J. K. Davis, of Rushville, Ill., has brought with him from Texas a complete outfit of a Camanche Indian, consisting of bows and arrows, shields, &c., and also the gentleman's scalp.

— A wildcat, measuring about 4 feet in length and weighing over 24 pounds, was killed near the Ludlow Powder Co.'s mills, at High Falls a few days ago, by Andrew Brink, of Saugerties.

— Some ungracious scribbler has started the report that Anna Dickinson rides a velocipede. Every one to his liking. Our hobby is the horse.

— A poultry dealer having made considerable money of late, found time to invent this conundrum:—"Why is a hen immortal?" "Because her son never sets."

— The citizens of Bangor, Me., are reported to have all gone mad on the skating question, Messrs. Perry and Stetson being the most accomplished in the crazy freak.

— The clamming season has begun at Ipswich, Mass. The annual value of the bait and sound clams taken on these flats varies between $8,000 and $10,000.

— A Quaker City denizen is reported as having invented a rat exterminator, of which, if the vermin snuff, they straightway sneeze off their heads.

— Beaver catching is a profitable sport, now largely engaged in by the hunters and trappers on the Tallahatchie river, Mississippi.

— A hotel keeper in Newburyport, Mass., won $1,000 in bets on the election of mayor there. The democratic majority was 176.

— Foxes have had the pluck frozen out of them by the severity of the weather about Lewiston, Me., and several of them have been slaughtered.

— A sleeping match, with a prize for the champion snorer, is announced as one of the sporting events of the season at Detroit, Mich.

— Luxemberg, probably the best horse lately on the Canadian turf, died on the night of the 25th ult., at Toronto. His owner is said to have been offered $2,500 for him a few weeks since.

— Velocipedaqueues are teaching the New Bedfordites how to ride on the swift footed machine.

— A machine to prevent hens from scratching has been patented by a Mr. Race, of West Northfield, Mass.

— A pisatorial person of Pittsfield, Mass., Truman Bates, captured 125 pounds of pickerel in three days at Lake Onita.

— Fifteen bears have been slain by one man in Marathon Co., Wis., this season.

—An attempt to use mules before horse cars proved a failure in Covington, Ky.

— A horse tamer at Syracuse, N. Y., has taught a bull to terpsichorease.

— Trappers on the frontier have up to this time been successful in gathering large quantities of fur.

— The John Morrissey coterie take terpsichorean exercises at a ball at Apollo Hall, this city, on Dec. 30th.

— For a trotting course at Rochester, N. H., 20 acres of land have been secured.

— In Canada, recently, two ladies rescued a skater from drowning while his noble companions went ashore for help.

— Canned salmon are now sent from California to the Atlantic States.

—Roman Nose, a dog Indian chief, has been slaughtered by a Curr—Gen. G. H.

CURLING.

The First Curling Match of the Season.—On Christmas day the athletics of the metropolis, and the Paterson Club opened play for the season, on Gamet Mountain Pond, Paterson, N. J., three rinks appearing from each club and the trophy depending upon the issue of the game being the local or district medal awarded by the Royal Caledonian Club of Scotland. The game was called after a contest of 3 hours and 45 minutes duration, when the score stood as below:—

Paterson.		Thistle.	
Rink.		Rink.	
1	A Collier, skip	1	A Phillip, skip
2	R. H. Smith, skip	2	J. Thomson, skip
3	J. Peacock, skip	3	W. Meikel, skip
Total		Total	

Curling on Christmas.—The New York Curling Club celebrated Christmas by playing their annual "point" games at Central Park; the ice was in admirable order and the play exhibited was very fine. Geo. Clemenson carried off the club medal, scoring ten points; the competitors were twenty-one in number and the average match was 6¾..... On the same day a match was played between the first and second rinks of the same club, at the Park pond, the result being a victory for the second rinks players by a single shot, after a close and exciting contest. We give the score:—Second rink—W. McGraith, first; Wm. Perguson, second; R. McMorrine, third; James Longwill, skip; score, 14. First rink—James Adie, first; J. O. McQuhae, second; James Gibson, third; Wm. Kelloch, skip; score, 13.

St. Andrew's Club.—The members of this curling organization played their "point" game for the club medal at the Central Park Pond on Saturday afternoon, the 26 h ult. The score was as follows:—Dunlop, 9; Butler, 9; Bryden, 7; Henderson, 5; Kirkland, 6; Macdougall, 6; Hogg, 5; Hoagland, 5; Dalrymple, 5; Stewart, 5; Matthews, 4; Fraser, 4; Muir, 4; Elliot, 2; Richie, 2; Callender, 2; Haslop, 2. In playing off the tie Dunlop defeated Butler by a score of 10 to 5.

What's in a Name.—An Irishman once said to another, "Am'you have taken the sectoral pledge, have ye?" "Indade I have, and I am not ashamed of it, aither." "And did not Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's

THE RING.

A SLASHING FIGHT

BETWEEN

ABE HICKEN AND PETE MAGUIRE,

For $1,000 a Side

AND THE

LIGHT WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP,

Fought Near Perryville, Md., December 23, 1868.

HICKEN THE WINNER IN 5 ROUNDS, OCCUPYING 50 MIN.

The pugilistic engagement, so long looked forward to by the fraternity, between Abe Hicken, new of Philadelphia, and Peter Maguire, of Fishkill, N. Y., for $2,000 and the title of Light Weight Champion, took place near Perryville, Cecil Co., Md., on the morning of Wednesday, 23d inst. Below will be found a full report:—

THE MEN.

Abe Hicken was ushered into existence at the town of Wolverhampton, Eng., on New Year's Day, 1843, stands five feet seven inches in his Wellingtons (when he wears 'em), and scaled 129¼ pounds the afternoon previous to entering the ring. He early developed a taste for boxing, and by constant attendance at the exhibitions given by the fancy, Hicken, when yet a boy, acquired more than the average amount of science, and when he approached his majority began to cast his eyes about him in quest of somebody upon whom to exercise his pugilistic abilities, and for the satisfaction of himself as well as that of his friends, prove by a practical test what kind of stuff he was made of. His search was rewarded in the person of a young fellow named Mike Farrell, whom he fought and beat for £2 a side, in 45 minutes, January, 1861, when Abe was but eighteen years of age. This victory elated Hicken so much, and the ability he displayed inspired his friends with so much confidence that they desired to see him "perform" again, and to this end backed him a like amount against Ben Blowner, over whom Abe scored another victory, after fighting 5 rounds in 17 minutes, about March, same year. His third appearance was in a match for four pounds with George Cayeles, a draw being declared at the expiration of 2 hours and 25 minutes, July, same year. The result was unsatisfactory to both men, and they very willingly entered into a second match, in which victory again fell to the portion of Abe, after fighting 1 hour and 30 minutes, Wolverhampton, Nov. 6th, 1861, making four engagements in one year—pretty good for a commencement. He was then matched against Young Hawley, a likely fellow, of considerable local repute, for the same amount; they met in the Birmingham district, and after battling one hour and fifty-eight minutes the sponge was thrown up for Hawley, and thus Hicken obtained his fourth triumph July 17, 1862. Abe's fifth antagonist was the high tempered Mick Gannon, more generally known as Mick the Grecian, the match being for £15 a side; they battered away merrily for the space of two hours and 39 minutes, during which 44 rounds were marked down in two rings, when, in consequence of the unusual vigilance exercised by the "Charnes," they were constrained to make a draw of it Dec. 30 and 31, '62. The next customer for our hero was Ted Napper, who had made Jack Hartley cry enough, and fought a draw with Jack Fearne; this match in the London district for £25 a side, when Hicken was obliged to lower his colors for the first time, at the end of the 88th round, when they had been at it 2 hours and 40 minutes, April 8, 1864. Bob Furze next tried Abe's calibre, for £25 a side, at 113lbs, when, after a contest of 33 rounds, in 1 hour 49 minutes, the bobbies showed in strong force, and a draw was agreed upon, Ascott, Jan. 24, 1865. For the ninth time Hicken shied his castor into the ring on this anniversary of his birth and Gus Ives was the man, after a rattling mill of 9 rounds, occupying 45 minutes, the police put a stop to it, and a draw was subsequently agreed to. Jack Weston, a fellow townsman of Abe's, was now spoken of as a match for the latter, and articles were speedily drawn up for a meeting upon the turf, Hicken staking £50 to £40; Weston was some 8 or 9 lbs. the heavier man upon the day, but Hicken got away with him in 90 rounds, 1 hour 40 minutes, Wednesbury District, Nov. 5, '65. His final engagement upon the old soil was with Dick Fellowes, £50 a side, Abe scoring another victory in 49 rounds, 1 hour and 27 minutes, London district, May 28, 1867, making twelve battles in all, nine of which are recorded in Fistiana. The glowing accounts rec ived from these of his brother pugs who had crossed the blue ocean to the land of the free, induced Abe to follow their footsteps, and accordingly, early in the fall of 1867, he took his departure from Liverpool, accompanied by his better half and his younger brother, Harry, and the trio arrived at this port Oct. 21. After traveling through the New England, Middle and Western States, he found some good friends in Philadelphia, who installed him as landlord of the Lamb Tavern, on South street, where he still lives and does a nice little business.

PETER MAGUIRE, as his cognomen indicates, hails from the Land o' the Shamrock and Shillalah, having been born in the year 1840, but only remained there some five years, when his parents emigrated to this country and settled down in the vicinity of the metropolis, where Pete continued to reside, when not attired in navy blue, until the year 1863, when he determined to try his fortunes in the El Dorado State. Being possessed of considerable science and having inherent in his nature that combative spirit peculiar to persons of his nationality, Peter, not long after his arrival, picked down on his man with any boxer on the Pacific Slope. He was not long kept waiting for a customer, for Tommy Chandler, who had just polished off Barney Farley, the "Woonsocket Boy," and wanted to try his hand on somebody else, agreed to accommodate him, and a match was arranged for $1,000 a side; they met at Lakeville, Cal., Jan. 17, 1866, and fought 69 rounds in 1 hour and 3 minutes, when darkness came on and a postponement was necessitated, the referee ordering them to meet again the following morning. From the published reports of the battle it appears that Chandler was at the close comparatively unhurt, while Maguire's head and face looked a good deal like a piece of torn beef. Peter expresses himself as confident that he could have won the battle upon the first day had he not been improperly handled by his attendants. At the time appointed for the resumption of hostilities Chandler and his seconds made their appearance, having with them the implements of war, but discovered that, during the still watches of the night, some evil disposed person or persons had cut the ropes to pieces and carried off the stakes. They immediately set to work to erect a new ring, and after the stakes had been drawn Maguire came upon the ground first, and Billy Lindall, one of Tommy's backers, informed them of what had occurred, and proposed that they should defray an equal share of the expenses incurred in building the second arena. They utterly refused to do so, whereupon Mr. L., determined to leave nothing undone to bring the fight off, and settled for the material himself. Punctual to time Chandler entered the enclosure, but Maguire was *non est*, having left the ground in company with the individual who previously was waited for the call of "time," and nobody responding on behalf of Peter, the referee gave his decision in favor of Chandler. This was Maguire's first and only appearance within the ropes up to the present meeting. He continued to make his habitation and home in the Golden State until the summer of last year, when he returned to New York, arriving here in January, 1868, and taking up his home at Fishkill, where he is now located.

Shortly after his arrival Hicken signified his willingness to fight anybody of his weight and inches, or anything near it, and he and Sam Collyer deposited a century apiece for a match, but they failed to agree when they met, per appointment, to talk the matter over, and the affair fell through. Abe was unsuccessful in his endeavors to get on a match until after the retirement of Billy Edwards (subsequent to his defeat of Collyer), when Hicken challenged anybody in the country to fight at from 12st to 13st 10lbs., for the light weight honors and two thousand dollars. As reply was made on behalf of Ed Touhey, and there appeared a fair prospect of a match being arranged between them for five hundred dollars a side, when Maguire stepped in and covered the fifty dollar bill which accompanied Abe's original challenge, and a match was arranged on September 28th, the protocol stipulating that the men were to fight in the State of Virginia on the 25th day of December. The principals met upon the ring being prepared on a few days afterward, Maguire taking his breathings in the vicinity of his home, with Tom Crauffers as mentor, during the latter portion, and Hicken making his headquarters at his own hostelry, in Philadelphia. The match progressed all right, the deposits being regularly posted in this office and the toss for choice of ground, which took place at the last deposit, was won by Maguire, who gave the opposite party ten days' notice of the place chosen for the battle. For prudential reasons it was mutually agreed that, instead of the fight being contested in the Old Dominion, it should be decided upon the soil of Delaware, but this alteration of the original fixture was studiously kept from the knowledge of the public, and, excepting those who had the management of affairs, very few knew anything of it positively. Those who obtained the "office" *rendezvoused* in the City of Brotherly Love on Monday night and Tuesday, 21st and 22d ult., Donohue's, corner Ninth and Sansom streets, being the centre of attraction. A special train had been chartered to leave for the battle ground from the Baltimore depot at 3 o'clock A. M., seven dollars per head being the tariff imposed for the round trip, but it was nearly 4 o'clock ere the excursionists were rattling over the rails towards the *locale*. After a ride of some three hours' duration, passed in singing, chaffing, occasional imbibing, a little betting and fistic attempts on the part of a few to snatch a few minutes' sleep, the train was brought to a dead stop near Perryville, Cecil Co., Md., and the passengers quickly disembarked and indulged in a welcome stretch of their cramped limbs. Without much difficulty a suitable piece of nature's carpet was found and the ring erected a short distance from the railroad track.

Very little time was cut to waste in getting everything shipshape, as the morning air was rather too fresh for the comfort of those huddled about the ring-side, and the appearance of the contestants, who entered the enclosure almost simultaneously, was hailed with gratification by the lookers on, who fixed themselves as comfortably as possible to witness what was expected to be a protracted engagement. A referee was chosen without much difficulty in the person of Mr. York, and then the seconds—Barney Aaron and Petey Medley for Hicken, and Owney Geoghegan and Mike Coburn for Maguire—proceeded to disrobe their charges, a ceremony quickly performed. While this was going on, the partisans of Abe were vociferous and constant in their offers of odds of $100 to $80 and thereabouts upon him, which were now and then accepted, though those whose sympathies were with Maguire preferred to await developments before investing heavily upon their man. The colors were then tied to the stakes, Hicken having a blue silk kerchief for his ensign and Maguire having a fogle of emerald green tied about his waist. The ring being cleared and all in readiness for the fray, the principals and seconds shook hands, and then stepping back again Abe and Pete stood up for

THE FIGHT.

ROUND 1.—Hicken advanced to the scratch in an easy, careless manner, the self satisfied smile which played over his elongated physiog plainly evincing the extreme confidence he felt in his ability to pull the "little job" off without difficulty or material personal injury; his attitude was graceful, but he held his hands very low down and open. Maguire, on the other hand, walked straight and quickly to the scratch, and though his countenance did not indicate the same confidence indexed in that of his rival, it resolute expression showed that he had made up his mind to do or die, and that if he was vanquished, it would, bar accident, be only after a protracted and desperate struggle, in which nature would not prove equal to the emergency; his position was constrained, both hands being held high, far advanced and clinched tightly; legs wide apart, and an elevation of his left shoulder and inclination of the head in the same direction, which gave him an awkward appearance. Considerable time was spent in feeling for each other, neither seeming inclined to take the initiative, but intently watching the movements of the other, and alternately advancing and retreating. Finally, when several minutes had been cut away thus, Pete, thinking he perceived his chance, endeavored to take advantage of it, essaying with the left at the head, but was out of distance; Abe tried with the same hand, but the blow was neatly put aside by Maguire, who, in a second's tempt at Abe's head-piece, was again at fault. More careful scientific sparring ensued, and in this respect Jack seemed about as good as his master, and the friends of Maguire were ecstacies, while every one at the ringside was surprised, for some had given him credit for the possession of so much skill, or imagined he could baffle Hicken, as he proved already he could. At last Abe found a good opening, and, delivering his left straight, caught Pete on the left optic, not very heavily. A rally ensued in which each peppered the other with both hands, more than a score of hits being counted, with equal credit, when they broke away, and with hands down stood eyeing each other for a few moments to note what execution had been done by the hailstorm of blows so rapidly exchanged. Upon getting together again Maguire, as before, was the first to offer, planting his left on the cheek and shortly after following it with another from the same mawley on the left lamp and a third on the right eye. Hicken gave a receipt in full by a right handed shot which took effect upon Pete's left ear, making a slight incision; Abe repeated the dose on the chin, and napped a return on the body. Maguire again invested with his left on the side of the head, again on the breast and a fourth shot on the mouth, Abe countering on the left eye heavily. Pete terminated another sparring bout, after a couple of misses, by a compliment from the right on the body, when they again took a rest, lowering their hands. Hicken was away laughing, when Maguire tried to resume hostilities, but he met with success in a second attempt, landing his left on the breast, and following it up with a right hander on Abe's cranium. After a miss on Hicken's part they countered beautifully, both visiting the neck. Peter now administered the double, landing respectively on the face and left ear. Abe tried to repay these, but was baulked in an attempt at the head, and caught a spanking hit just below the left temple from Peter's right. The latter was short in an effort to follow with his left, but got home immediately afterward heavily on the eye. This roused Abe, and he delivered twice rapidly on the nose and mouth, Peter retaliating with a stunner on the ribs with his right, leaving the imprint of his knuckles. Hicken planted his right again on Pete's left visual organ and again on the cheek, for which Maguire was credited with one on the forehead and another on the left eye, the latter knocking Abe off his pins, amidst the exultant shouts of the adherents of the lad from the Emerald Isle. First blood was awarded to Hicken, and first knock-down to Maguire. Time of round, fifteen minutes.

2. The unexpectedly fine exhibition made by the New Yorker in the opening round naturally had the effect of altering the odds and some of his more enthusiastic friends were disposed to go it at evens, while the opposite side were not so loud in their offers of long odds. As the men faced each other at the call of time the effects of the hard hitting visible upon the face of both, Hicken bleeding profusely from the nasal organ, and his left eye being swollen, while several lumps appeared upon his ribs; Maguire's left eye was in a bad condition, an abrasion was visible upon his forehead, and the carmine fluid trickled slowly from the cut in his left ear, which was somewhat enlarged. There was an evident desire upon the part of both to fiddle for wind, and consequently another tedious bout of sparring was in order before either made an effort to resume hostilities. At last, however, Maguire broke the ice, catching Abe a good 'un on the body with the left and jumping away cleverly from the return. Hicken made several attempts to draw Pete, but unsuccessfully, the latter watching his every move very closely, and always keeping himself ready for attack or defense. The New York boy again got home with his left on the facial promontory, a very forcible argument, which caused the claret to flow more copiously than before. He shortly followed this smasher with another on the body, and napped a heavy return from Ebenezer's right on the forehead, Pete responding with a stinging right-handed blow upon the ribs. After another spell of sparring and dodging Hicken tried with his left, but Peter caught the blow upon his arm and planted a return on the right optic, the force of which, however, was not sufficient to counteract the well-intended lunge, but could not escape a third, which took effect on his left eye. Now ensued another long interval of sparring, which Pete as usual brought to a close; but the vicious blow he aimed was avoided by Hicken; its force caused Maguire to stumble forward, but Abe failed to perceive or was not quick enough to take advantage of the excellent opportunity for administering punishment thus presented. Recovering himself, Pete dashed to close quarters, and terrible hi-fa-her fighting occurred in the rough and tumble right and left effectually, mainly on the face and head. In the close Maguire got Hicken upon the ropes in a rather critical position, but Abe managed to release himself and get down. Time, six minutes.

3. Both were quick to respond to the call, but were more reluctant than before to commence operations, a very long time being spent in sparring, during which they, for a few moments, stood looking at each other with hands down. Abe at length opened fire, landing twice with effect upon the left eye and breast, jumping back from the return. Maguire was not to be denied, however, but bored in and succeeded in administering a terrific smash between the eyes, which caused the flow of blood from Hicken's nose to cease. Both now offered simultaneously, but neither blow reached its destination; Abe in a second try met with better success, rapping Pete on the right side of the head, but getting very good as the latter let drive a shot of a right hander on the cheek. Abe, after a little sparring, delivered on Maguire's bad eye, and by way of getting hunk for a sockdologer on the body, delivered heavily on the mouth and chin; this was succeeded by warm work at half-arm distance, and in the clinch which ensued both came to grief, Hicken underneath. Time, fourteen minutes.

4. The fighting so far had been decidedly in favor of Maguire, whose friends were jubilant and now seemed fully assured of his triumph, while the friends of Hicken were impressed with the belief that he was not exactly the man they had imagined him. The faces of the men were now strongly marked, Pete's left eye being in deep mourning, and gradually closing, while both of Abe's lamps were considerably damaged, as well as his nose, which was much enlarged and out of shape. After the usual amount of fiddling, Maguire made play with his right and left, the latter being the favorite, which found its mark on the left eye of the fighting Britisher, Abe countering pretty heavily on the ribs; in an endeavor to repeat the visitation he was foiled by Hicken, who now succeeded in landing twice with the left and once with the right in succession, all on the head. More sparring terminated by Pete tapping Abe lightly on the chin. Hicken parrying a blow aimed at the ribs and returning with the right on the left eye, for which Maguire accommodated him with a powerful visit on the left forehead, which started Abe once around the ring. They got together again, when Abe, carefully measuring his man, planted heavily upon the body and cleverly avoided the return; Pete followed him up, however, and the next time caught him on the left side of the head, Abe giving a receipt on the left ear, and napping another on the same spot—all right handers. This led to a warm rally at the ropes, both pummeling away merrily with both hands, and Abe finally slipping down on his knees. Time, twelve minutes.

5th and last.—They were now thoroughly wound up, and both manifested a disposition to set about their work without delay. Abe took the initiatory with his left, directed at the head, but Maguire wasn't there and its force was expended on the air. Abe got back out of harm's way, but Maguire followed him up and a rattling rally ensued in Hicken's corner, for his left being exchanged with Maguire's rapidly, Abe finally delivering with great force on the point of Maguire's jaw and immediately dropping on his marrow bones. On being carried to his corner it was found that the last blow had broken Peter's jaw in two places, and his seconds elevated the sponge, much to the astonishment of Hicken and those at the ring side, who were unaware of the damage done. The duration of the fight was precisely fifty minutes, the final round occupying but three minutes. It is unnecessary for us to comment upon the battle, which was one of the best contested and most scientific which has ever taken place in this country; we leave our readers to judge for themselves after a perusal of the rounds. As far as it went the fighting was decidedly in favor of Maguire, and many believe that had not the unfortunate accident alluded to occurred he would have been the victor; his, however, is but a matter of opinion, and as the men were so evenly mated, it would be foolish to predict what the result would have been had the battle been fought out satisfactorily; certain it is, however, that Hicken was very fortunate in securing the victory as he did. During the return trip Abe went around among the spectators and collected in the neighborhood of $175 for his conquered foe, which would have by no means disgraced antagonist. The train arrived in the city of Brotherly Love during the evening, without any attempt at molestation, and all who took the affair in were enabled to retire to their virtuous couches at the accustomed hour, showing with what ease a mill can be brought off within convenient distance when proper secrecy is observed by those having the management. Tom Chauffers called upon us on the afternoon of the 26th ult., and informed us that Pete was getting along very nicely, and would soon be able to be about again and masticate his rations with usual ease and relish, which we sincerely hope may prove the case. There is some talk of making another match as soon as he recovers for $3,000 a side, as Maguire has since this engagement found good friends who are willing to back him freely with their ducats for a fresh match with his late opponent. We shall see what will come of it.

JIMMY ELLIOTT TO CHARLEY GALLAGHER.—The talk over the recent encounter between Gallagher and Elliott has brought the subjoined communication from the latter, to which we call attention:—

CLEVELAND, Dec. 24, 1868.

EDITOR CLIPPER.—I understand Charley Gallagher is trying to build up a name on his fight with me, stating that he was robbed out of it by a one-sided referee. As he is still in St. Louis *Reporters* that he is in St. Louis, and as I intend to be there to see the Davis-Allen fight, I wish to say that I will fight Gallagher in the same ring for $500, or a purse, to satisfy his friends whether I beat him in his mettle or not. Yours, JAMES ELLIOTT.

GEOGHEGHAN VS. COLBERT'S MAN.—After the return from the Hicken-Maguire mill on the evening of the 23d ult., a number of sporting men gathered in a well known saloon of the Quaker City and indulged in a discussion regarding the merits of the principals. Among those present were Jim Colbert and Owney Geoghegan, who happened to entertain opposite opinions, and the warm argument which ensued terminated, we understand, in a fifty dollar note being placed by each in the hands of Fiorry Scammell as forfeit for a match, the conditions of which were that Colbert should find a man to whip Geoghegan in sixty minutes. It was agreed that a second meeting should be held in this city on Monday, 28th ult., between 2 and 4 o'clock, P. M., when an additional deposit was to be made and articles of agreement drawn up, the fight to take place in three months' time. Geoghegan was on hand, accompanied by Mr. Gillespie, Ed. Touhey, Luke Gleason and others, but after waiting until after the expiration of the limit and Colbert failing to appear, or have anyone to represent him, Owney left, stating that he would claim the money then up, and, if Colbert desired it, would make a fresh match upon like conditions. Thus the matter stands at present, but something may yet come of it.

THE ALLEN-DAVIS MATCH.—Accounts from the west concerning these heavy-weights are favorable in character, and thus far everything gives promise of the proposed battle on the 12th instant being brought off satisfactorily. The men are hard at work, and were feeling very well when last heard from, so that, barring accident, there is no reason to fear that either will be found wanting materially in point of condition when the day of battle arrives. On Wednesday, 23d ult., Sheriff Nicola arrested Allen in Cleveland, at the instance of Prosecuting Attorney Jones, and took him before the Court of Common Pleas, where a charge was made against him of violating the law relative to prize fighting. The evidence adduced proved that he was under a course of training, which does not appear to fight usually undergo, and he expected to proceed to Illinois shortly to commence active training. Judge Foote held that inasmuch as the fight is not to take place in Ohio, and the simple act of training is not a crime, Allen could not be retained under arrest, and he was consequently discharged from custody.

TOUHEY'S BOXING SHOW.—The testimonial benefit gotten up for Ed. Touhey will take place at the Appolo Rooms, 76 Prince street, on Saturday evening, 2d inst., when a bill of fare replete with good things is promised for the amusement of those who attend. In addition to boxing by a number of the fistic luminaries of the metropolis and Brooklyn, Pat McGowan will warble comically, and in the wind-up the beauties of the art manly will be illustrated by the benefitiary and Teddy McAuliffe.

PATSY REARDON TO ROOKE AND OTHERS.—We are in receipt of another challenge, unaccompanied by money, from Patsy Reardon, who says he is willing to fight George Rooke at 145 lbs., or any weight he likes, for $1,000 a side, in two or three months from signing; or if Rooke is not agreeable Patsy will be ready to make a match with anybody at from 142 to 146 lbs., articles to Reardon, at Jack Brown's, Louisville, Ky., a match can be got on.

BILL DAVIS ASSAULTED.—A telegram from St. Louis, Mo., states that a fight occurred in the saloon at which Bill Davis was stopping on Saturday evening, 26th ult., during which Mike Ryan had his skull fractured and Joe Tyrell's frontal bone was crushed in, his jaw broken and one of his eyes badly gouged. The affray appears to have originated in an assault made upon Davis by four or five roughs: he sustained a slight cut upon the wrist.

DICK HOLLIWOOD was announced to give a sparring show in Chicago on the night of Dec. 26th, after which he was to return to Indianapolis, to prepare a "toast" for the sports at the "White House" on New Year's Day, and then start upon his proposed sparring tour through the west. We hear that the Nonpareil contemplates opening a hostelrie in the Garden City ere long, providing he finds a place to suit him.

A CALL UPON HUSSEY.—We have received a communication from George Carey, of Springfield, Illinois, wherein the writer says that he will fight Tim Hussey, at catch weight, for a purse, in the same ring with Allen and Davis, or at any time Tim Chooses.

THE MATCH between Peter Morris and Frank Wilson (Mouse) for £50 a side, has ended in smoke, the person who made the deposit on behalf of Wilson having forfeited the money down.

☞ We have letters for Ed. O'Baldwin, Teddy McAuliffe, Uncle Bill Tovee and William Lang.

BILLIARDS.

McDEVITT AND GOLDTHWAIT'S MATCH FOR $1,000.

A CLOSE AND EXCITING STRUGGLE.

MCDEVITT SUCCESSFUL BY SEVENTEEN POINTS.

Following close upon the heels of the contest between Rhines and Vermeulen came that for the championship of America and $1,000, in which figured those well known players, John McDevitt, of Chicago, and William Goldthwait, of Williamsburg. The twain had already crossed cues five times in public—on four occasions for a stake and once for a purse. The first encounter took place in Cincinnati in May, 1865, when McDevitt, playing in a manner which he has never since surpassed, unexpectedly captured the $2,000 stake; the second encounter took place in this city in 1866, for a purse of $150, and McDevitt again won; later in the same year, and for a stake of $3500 a side, they played in Boston; next, also in 1866, they played the return game in this city, the victory, if victory it could be called, resting with Goldthwait; and finally, in January of last year, they again measured strength for a stake of $250 a side, McDevitt winning by reason of his "jawing" the balls and running 1,483. The present match, which is the first between them involving the so-called championship, was entered into about four months ago, since which time, and up to the 22d ult., both men had been in active practice. McDevitt's headquarters was on Dearborn street, Chicago, where he played with Foley, Rhines and others. Goldthwait practiced at the Odeon, Williamsburg—usually with amateurs, but once or twice with Melvin Foster. Arrived in Chicago, for which city he started on the 17th ult., he played with Peter Snyder and others, winning easily and exhibiting skill of a rare order. Nevertheless, the odds in betting was against him there, while little or no faith was placed in the hope that he would win, although McDevitt was not regarded as the strongest opponent he could find. It was calculated that even if he succeeded in obtaining a commanding lead towards the close of the contest, he would give the game away, either from sheer excitability, or by a mistake or other careless stroke. And those who thought this simply argued that what had almost always been the case would be again. It would appear now that the argument was sound.

Crosby's Opera House, in which, on the 22d ult., the contest occurred, was well filled, a number of ladies being spectators. When the players entered they were warmly greeted, and the audience also expressed approbation when it was announced that Philip Tieman, of Cincinnati, had been chosen referee. As his umpire, Goldthwait selected John Frawley, while McDevitt nominated M. McDermott, of Detroit. The marker was James Cusick, an *attache* of Foley's rooms, Foley himself being director of affairs.

THE GAME.

Up to the 8th innings nothing noteworthy occured. Here McDevitt, with his monotonous push, push, push, made 89, making his total score 131, against Goldthwait's 55. Shortly afterwards McDevitt added 40, and in his 12th innings Goldthwait, having "left him the balls," he ran 196 along the upper cushion, in about the same position he had the twelve when in his 1,458 against Dion. Those who had laid the odds of $100 to $50 thought he was about to repeat that notable exploit, but a draw shot put an end to the anticipation, and he closed with 196, and left the spheres well for his antagonist, who put up 154, the unlucky holing of McDevitt's ball necessitating a closing shot for safety. On top of this, McDevitt having in the meantime failed to score off the safety-play, Goldie piled 116, and soon afterward 78, which placed him in his 8th hundred, eight ahead. The 221 innings signalized by a run of 158, made by McDevitt mostly off the reds. Goldthwait was now nearly two hundred behind. A run of 84 on McDevitt's part, in the 26th innings, increased the gap, his total being 781, and Goldthwait's 517. Slow work up to the 33d innings, when Goldthwait, a little favored by the fickle goddess, got as high as 226. The gap was now closed, Goldthwait was eleven ahead; yet still the odds were two to one, with few takers. The run was ended by a miscue, which left the balls so that McDevitt was enabled to bring them together easily, and make 111. The lead he thus regained, with ninety-six over and above. Goldthwait followed with 95, freezing when the prospect was most promising. The 37th innings shows a run of 59 by Goldthwaite, and in the 39th he made 57, which would have been largely added to had not the light red ball taken a notion to pocket itself and spoil the "break." McDevitt was now 971, and Goldthwait 1,000, a difference of 29. McDevitt had the misfortune to "freeze," after scoring 56. In the 44th innings, the white ball again hid itself on Goldthwait, who failed to "string" all the others. McDevitt playing in hand, counted and bunched the balls. He kept them bunched, until he had counted 200, and then made 38 more around the table, the run amounting to 238, which proved the largest of the game. This sudden change of base, placing, as it did, McDevitt at 1,303, while Goldthwait was but 1,126, was not at all agreeable to the latter; and he was by no means pleased when, a few innings later, McDevitt ran 115, stopping only because of a "freeze." The Chicagoan had now but 20 points to go. What made matters worse, he was 292 ahead. Still, the play had not been knocked out of the hindermost man; for, getting the balls along the upper cushion, he counted on, never stopping until he had scored 200, and then only for refreshment. Perhaps it would have been better for him if he had not stopped even for that, as, upon taking up his cue again and resuming, he failed to count, although the balls were all together. The run of 200 had evidently unnerved McDevitt, for he too missed an easy carom. His own miss had astounded Goldthwait, and he slipped up after making 5. Again and again each player missed the simplest of shots. Goldthwait made another miss cue, leaving the balls well for his opponent, who counted, but went into the pocket. Attempting to "string" the balls, Goldthwait again failed, before he had run 100. McDevitt did not count, however; steadying himself a little, Goldthwait now ran thirty. He had but seventeen to get, but he missed an easy shot, and McDevitt got a chance for and made the sixteen he needed. The excitement, it will readily be imagined, was beyond description; and when the game was won, McDevitt, it is needless to say, was overwhelmed with congratulations. The score:—

McDevitt.—2, 3, 2, 2, 5, 5, 8, 0, 2, 29, 7, 43, 5, 196, 0, 0, 5, 66, 15, 3, 10, 3, 17, 158, 26, 10, 5, 54, 9, 4, 9, 7, 1, 0, 111, 4, 5, 9, 13, 9, 56, 0, 6, 24, 8, 9, 258, 15, 13, 13, 5, 9, 2, 115, 0, 2, 0, 2, 0, 0, 16—1,530.

Goldthwait.—0, 7, 12, 14, 0, 2, 24, 9, 5, 4, 0, 4, 1-4, 116, 12, 73, 3, 8, 0, 9, 15, 38, 5, 8, 26, 6, 6, 1, 6, 0, 1, 5, 5, 0, 0, 21, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 7, 7, 2, 7, 26, 4, 12, 2, 2, 0, 28, 0, 8, 0, 0, 4, 0, 2, 19, 21, 15, 17, 21, 20, 5, 2, 0, 5, 8, 16, 2, 0, 14, 4, 4, 11, 3, 0, 2, 14, 37, 0, 7, 12, 5. Total, 645.

SUMMARY.—CROSBY'S MUSIC HALL, CHICAGO, ILL., Dec. 21.—Match for $1,000, 1,530 points, pushes barred, on a standard American size four-pocket table, between John McDevitt, of Chicago, and William Goldthwait, of Williamsburg, N. Y. Four-ball carom game, 1,530 points, push shot allowed, played with 2¼ inch balls, on a second-sized four-pocket Standard American table. Score—McDevitt, 1,530; Goldthwait, 1,485. Averages—McDevitt, 23; Goldthwait, 34 43-60. Referee—Philip Tieman. Time of game—Four hours.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ILLINOIS.

CONTEST BETWEEN HENRY RHINES AND JOSEPH VERMEULEN.

THE LATTER WINS BY 27 POINTS AND THE CUE CHANGES HANDS.

The second contest for the championship of Illinois, under the new order of things which prohibits the push, that stroke so repugnant to nine-tenths of the billiard playing community, took place at Crosby's Music Hall, Chicago, on the night of the 22d ult. The attendance was large and the arrangements admirable. The game consisted of 1,500 points, and was played with 2¼ inch balls on a second American four-pocket table, of the second size. When Michael Foley, of Detroit, had been selected as referee, Al. Smith as Rhines' umpire, and Peter Snyder as Vermeulen's, it was twenty five minutes after eight o'clock; and then they opened

THE GAME.

Rhines won the lead and choice of balls. Vermeulen was first to count, making fifteen on the two reds, leaving a bank for Rhines, which the latter failed to make, and his opponent got in a run of twenty-eight, and went to pocket off a count. Bets of $50 and $100 on Rhines but no takers. Rhines left a ball out at his next endeavor to effect a "string," and Vermeulen availed himself of the opening to the extent of thirty-six, failing on an easy shot, and leaving the balls in a line for Rhines, who made a neat bank shot and scored 7. Single figures attended the efforts of each in the two following innings, Vermeulen breaking the spell by a splendid mace shot, followed by an unexpected failure. Both then shot to pocket for safety, Vermeulen being the first to get to work, putting in a run of 17, and turning his first hundred 28 ahead. Offers of $100 to $75 on Rhines and no takers. After a successful "string" by Rhines, the other executed another mace shot, and followed with a score of 15, going to pocket off a count. Rhines failed to "string," and Vermeulen went away with 12, missing a difficult *masse*. There up n Rhines scored 31, going to pocket judiciously. Blanks for each, Vermeulen striking out with 14, and then being kissed out of his next. Trifling runs in the three subsequent innings, an unlucky kiss for Rhines leaving the reds in fine position for the other, who met with a miscue after a run of 17. Rhines followed with 26, missing a simple shot. After a series of small runs by each, Vermeulen turned his second hundred, with a lead of 76. A bet of $100 to $50 on Rhines found a taker. Poor playing was the rule, until an injudicious shot by Vermeulen left Rhines a fine opening, which, however, he abandoned, after a run of 40, not worthy being placed by each in the thirty-seventh innings, in which Vermeulen accomplished a run of 68, turning his fourth hundred, and being 150 points ahead. Then Rhines scored 29, leaving the balls for his opponent, who profited by it to the extent of 10. Rhines now let out with 34, which Vermeulen cast into the shade by a score of 76, which carried him over his fifth hundred, and placed him 168 in the lead—the game standing, in the forty-first innings, Vermeulen, 481; Rhines, 313. There followed by Rhines a run of 39, to redeem the game in a measure, Vermeulen with 90, and Rhines with 53. On the fiftieth innings Rhines had crept up to within a hundred of his opponent, and his next essay diminished the disparity by twenty-four. At the close of the sixty-third innings Rhines had passed to the front with a run of 61, which carried him to his seventh hundred and placed him ahead, the score standing—Rhines, 638; Vermeulen, 652. From this point onward Rhines gained slowly, turning his ninth hundred 39 points ahead, though doing but little average playing. Rhines now treated himself to a benefit of 42, missing an easy shot, and Vermeulen followed with 34, also failing where he should have counted. At the one hundred and first innings Rhines had turned his eleventh hundred and was 164 ahead, the score standing—Rhines, 1,016; Vermeulen, 952. This lead he increased by 24, going to pocket off a count, but Vermeulen, by new and persistent efforts, had reduced the difference to 42 at the one hundred and seventh innings, and now bets of $100 to $50 on Rhines met with takers. But the latter produced, in quick succession, aggregates of 40 and 50, and made the matter as bad as before, turning his twelfth hundred 117 ahead. A series of failures on Rhines' part, and of small runs on Vermeulen's, again brought the lead to but fifty; and then it was increased once more by a score of 29 by the former. On the one hundred and twenty-second innings Vermeulen made a run of 54, which carried him to the front once more, and brought up his stock so that bets of two to one against him found ready takers. A series of downright "scratches" enabled him to accumulate 46 and to turn his fourteenth hundred 86 points ahead, the score standing—Vermeulen, 1,306; Rhines 1,220. In the one hundred and thirtieth innings Rhines made 97, and developed, in a remarkable degree, his splendid nerve and reliability, and brought down the house with thunders of applause. Game—Rhines, 1,332; Vermeulen, 1,317. Rhines left off his run by stringing the balls, and Vermeulen counted handsomely with a mace bank shot, which was in turn warmly applauded by his admirers. He went to pocket for safety, after a run of 14, and a failure of Rhines to string the balls left him another chance, which he improved by fourteen, missing on account of a miscue, and again passing his opponent. Then both sought pockets for safety, and a miss by Rhines left all the balls out, so that Vermeulen got away easily with a run of forty-three, enjoying two or three bits of good luck in bringing it about, and at length shooting to pocket. Again Rhines missed a hard count, leaving all the balls out, and again Vermeulen accumulated twenty-five, turning on his fifteenth hundred seventy-three points ahead. Rhines now missed a gift, went to pocket and failed on his subsequent bank. He was unable to overcome a series of bad breaks, while Vermeulen, on the contrary, seemed to have the fickle goddess not exactly at the end of his fingers, but certainly at the tip of his cue, achieving a run of twenty-six by her aid in two or three instances. A halt at length, through over confidence, left Rhines his first chance for several innings, and he improved it by a beautiful run of ninety-five by the aid of his consummate nursing along the cushion, and only forbore by a hair's miss, but left a bunch for Vermeulen, who by no means played with the confidence he had shown before, and left off with seven, after having pocketed his opponent's ball and strung the others, after executing a splendid mace shot, sought the pocket for safety, leaving an impossible shot for his opponent. He then ran nine, and unquestionably would have done much better, says the Chicago *Tribune*, but for the disgraceful yelling set up by his friends, which induced him to alter his mind concerning a shot which he wished to make. His chances were excellent for winning the game as it was, but an unlucky kiss on a round-the-table shot left the balls for Vermeulen, who, in the one hundred and forty-fourth innings, ran fifteen and closed the game, winning by only twenty-eight points. The following is the score:—

Rhines.—4, 1, 2, 7, 4, 5, 5, 4, 5, 5, 31, 4, 0, 2, 0, 6, 4, 26, 5, 7, 5, 2, 0, 21, 11, 8, 6, 4, 7, 5, 3, 6, 0, 1, 5, 6, 5, 5, 20, 4, 54, 6, 4, 5, 19, 23, 4, 5, 36, 0, 33, 24, 6, 0, 17, 17, 0, 23, 37, 19, 0, 0, 0, 61, 12, 1, 13, 9, 26, 8, 0, 15, 0, 9, 5, 7, 37, 0, 3, 0, 12, 0, 2, 0, 0, 13, 31, 11, 0, 2, 6, 3, 27, 12, 0, 0, 13, 0, 0, 0, 10, 0, 22, 24, 1, 0, 1, 0, 3, 0, 42, 51, 4, 0, 3, 0, 6, 29, 2, 0, 5, 9, 0, 11, 14, 0, 0, 1, 2, 0, 15, 97, 3, 2, 0, 3, 3, 8, 0, 3, 3, 7, 95, 3, 0, 0—1,475.

Vermeulen.—17, 28, 36, 5, 0, 2, 5, 17, 18, 12, 3, 0, 14, 1, 4, 17, 2, 0, 2, 5, 6, 0, 13, 0, 2, 6, 2, 3, 11, 3, 13, 17, 7, 19, 4, 5, 68, 13, 0, 2, 76, 0, 16, 30, 15, 2, 0, 5, 1, 5, 0, 0, 0, 14, 6, 4, 23, 5, 22, 16, 1, 16, 5, 7, 0, 0, 25, 0, 16, 26, 2, 11, 11, 7, 3, 5, 0,

THE SKEIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

From off my hands she deftly winds
The slender threaded, silken skein;
At heart the painted window blinds
The sunlight calls, and amber rain,
That, driving through in sloping lines,
Floods the wide sill, the tufted chairs,
And ever all the carpet shines
In diamond shapes and gilded squares.

She winds and winds, and all the while
Her roving glances come and go;
About her mouth there plays a smile
Whose meaning she alone can know.
Her white hands flash, her fingers shine
With brilliant gems that gleam and glance;
And new and then her touch meets mine—
Oh, can it be so often chance?

The sun that falls athwart the blinds
Is not more golden or more fair,
Nor yet the slender thread she winds
More soft and silken than her hair.
A June rose lies in swift perfume
And nursed the winds from out the South
To fullest shape and richest bloom,
Were not more perfect than her mouth.

Sometimes the skein will tangled grow,
And then from off my awkward hands
She winds the glossy silk more slow.
Oh! passing well she understands
The value of her touch, her glance,
Which send a thrill through all my frame,
Or steep me in a lover's trance
For whose delights there is no name.

And well she knows that while she winds
On that white card the silken skein,
With every added turn she binds
About my heart a stronger chain;
And will it links prove always true?
And hold us, parted North or South?
Bind me forever unto you,
Oh, maiden with the perfect mouth!

GAVESTON'S HEIR;

OR,

CAUGHT IN THE TOILS.

By the Author of "She Would be an Actress."

CHAPTER XLI.

CLOSING IN.

Mr. Barley and Mattie did not find Mr. Ord at home; he was gone to Birmingham on business, and Jessie went to Bertie House to see Mrs. Gaveston, her companion going home by the first train she could get to Edgbaston. It was not the old housekeeper's purpose to say anything to her former mistress beyond the bare fact that she was going to leave until she had seen Mr. Ord; there might be some mistake after all, she thought. Mr. Ord received her very kindly, but was quite perplexed by her agitated manner and unhappy looks. She saw there was some mystery, and forebore to question; but Alice divined the cause of her conduct, and waylaid her as she went away.

"Dear Jessie, what is it?" she asked. "Have you found out anything about that night? Is that mystery come to light?"

"That and wanr. Dinna ask me ony mair, my bairn, for I canna speak o' it yet; dinna fash your mither wi' it either, but wait; can ye no speak til that bonnie lassie that's tae marry him, and gar her wait? She'll rue it to the end o' her days else."

"I can't interfere with Ruth any more," said Alice, mournfully. "I've lost her friendship already through it; she's blind and besotted in her love for him, and must take the consequences."

It was two days before Mr. Ord returned, and before then Jessie had left the Hall, taking with her only her clothes, and waiving all right to any wages due to her. It was not much, for Ralph Gaveston had always shown himself a just master, and none of his servants could ever complain that he owed them anything. She took a humble lodging in Warwick, and again waited on the lawyer; she found him looking terribly aged and worn, and, to her astonishment, quite conversant with his anxiety.

"I believe it is killing me," he said, wearily putting his hand to his head as he spoke. "I liked him so much, not as Gaveston only, but for himself; he is so like his poor father—that is—good heaven, I don't know what I am saying, I believe."

"He is like him," returned Jessie. "*Like his feyther!* Do ye mind o' puir Mildred Benn-tt, Mr. Ord?"

"Mildred—Bennett," repeated the lawyer slowly, "can it be possible? I never thought of that."

"But I did, the very moment that lassie told me. It accounts for a' things that seem mysterious. But, sir, what are we to do? We maun na let things gang on as they will; there's puir Miss Grantley, ye ken."

"She must not marry a villain, Mrs. Barley, we must prevent that; but I cannot see my way to move in this matter till Mr. Kennedy returns, and he seems to have vanished most mysteriously. That he intended to come back, I am sure, for he not only promised me, but he left a statement of his suspicions in the hands of the police at Birmingham, and they are immediately communicated with me concerning it. They advise waiting, also."

"And let him go on wi' his villainy; let that puir lassie live on hoping and happy in the thought of a future she'll never to see. Eh, Mr. Ord, it's wrang, it's wrang!"

"It is all we can do at present, Mrs. Barley," Mr. Ord said gravely. "Remember, as we stand at present we have nothing to go upon but Mattie Brock's word. Mr. Kennedy is not here; neither of the men who came seeking Mr. Gaveston as old digger acquaintances can be found, and Mrs. Dale (poor soul, we can understand her part of the trouble now) has utterly disappeared. There is nothing for it but waiting, you see."

"And I never should have now hard it was to wait, even when nothing but trouble can come out of it," said the old lady sadly. "I wish I'd never live to see it a'."

"So do I. Heaven knows," he replied fervently, and Jessie departed to 'wait' as best she could for the end of the dismal events which she foresaw would soon take place at Gaveston.

Mr. Ord wrote to London to the address from which the letters agreed had been received by Mr. Kennedy, and in reply was informed that both that gentleman and Mr. Carter had sailed for Australia on board the steamship Cygnet, Captain Frost commander, and were by this time far away on the seas. With this letter he repaired to the office at Birmingham, and laid it before the superintendent, who summoned Hawkes, and put it into his hands.

"Well, Hawkes, what do you think of that?"

"I think it's a regular plant, sir, and that the Squire's at the bottom of it. If he has got rid of Kennedy, and packed him off to Australia, we shall have to rely upon other sources for information. There's the girl, first and foremost. Mr. Ord here had better see her and tell her to hold her tongue till she's bid to speak, or she'll spoil everything. There's that innkeeper's wife, that's ill of a fever at Gaveston now. There's the big digger fellow that Mrs Ord gave five pounds to (he was the tool to get Mr. Kennedy away, I fancy, and I don't think he's gone to Australia, whatever the other may be), and then, last of all, there's Mrs. Dale and Limping Jack. It'll be as pretty a case as I ever had handled, and it's beginning to work—it's beginning to work."

"But that Dan the Devil has vanished, and as for Jack and the lady, didn't you tell me you'd lost the scent completely? I don't quite see your game, Hawkes."

"May be not, sir; but I've found the scent again, I think. I'll let you see my hand, and you'll say I can play to win. When I was in Glasgow I met an old pal of mine in the force there. He's getting old now, and they look upon him as past much work; but he's acute yet, is Johnny Archer, and I just put him up to the fact that there'd be a bit of money for any one as would help me to find those two people. Well, he's kept watch, and this morning I had a letter from him, and I think two or three lines in it concerns us pretty nearly."

He fumbled in a large pocket-book for a minute or two, and then produced a roughly written and worse spelled epistle, and ran his eye over the contents: "—— row in the Gallowgate. That ain't it. Oh, here it is. 'I think I've got at something about the parties you want. One of our men has a brother who keeps a newspaper shop in Paisley, and a lame man, sometimes with a big black dog, sometimes without, buys Birmingham and Warwick papers there regular. Nearly all on 'em he gets, and they have to be ordered for him. He don't know where he lives, but he don't think it is Paisley.' That's the information, gentlemen, and in my opinion it's worth a jou ney to Scotland to find out the truth of it."

"I think it is, Hawkes, the buying of Warwickshire papers pein's our way, doesn't it?"

"It seems to me so, sir. I think I shall take it on myself to be off. It would be a pity to wait to hear from Mr. Dale, and I know his mind upon the matter. He's for doing whatever can be done by means of money, and sparing nothing; so, if you please, sir, I'll be off to-night, and see after this lame party as is so interested in Warwickshire affairs. I'll look to you and Mr. Ord to keep all dark till I come back again. It won't do to have those women splitting and making a mess of things before we want 'em to."

"We'll do our best, Hawkes. Mr. Ord will see the housekeeper and the girl. What if Mr. Dale turns up again before you get back? Do you know where he is?"

"Not rightly, sir. He hasn't reported himself for the last day or two. I heard from him last at the Royal Hotel, Edinburgh. He seems as if he could not rest anywhere, poor fellow, and no wonder."

"He'll be more unhappy still when he knows the whole truth," said Mr. Ord; "it will be an awful blow to him. It seems hard that an honest, loving heart like his should be so sorely tried."

"Depend upon it, it will all come right," the superintendent said, unhesitatingly. We haven't seen the end of it all yet. I can't help thinking that those two people will be happy after all. Who is the next heir to Gaveston after the Squire, Mr. Ord?"

"Gordon Gaveston's daughter Alice; failing a *direct* heir male it descends in the female line; failing daughters or granddaughters it goes to the next of kin, a distant cousin, Mr. Rupert Gaveston, a lawyer's clerk, in London."

"Ah, well, he'll never change to desk for the hall library. Mrs. Gaveston is pretty well supplied with daughters in case of a failure of the male succession. Pretty Miss Gaveston would make a lovely mistress of the old place."

"Ah, she isn't there yet," said the old lawyer with a sigh; "and there's much to happen before she can succeed. Then you think nothing should be hinted to Sir John Grantley of this affair?"

"I think nothing. We must ascertain more about Mr. Kennedy before we do anything as definite; and also wait the issue of Hawkes' journey to the north. When we have our puppets well in hand, then we will pull the strings."

"Then I will wait on you to-morrow."

"If you please; and in the mean time I trust to you to see Mattie Brock and the old lady; and also, if you will be kind enough, to call upon Mrs. Gaveston and find out whether she knows or suspects anything. I need not caution you to be very careful in your demeanor at the Hall; it will not do to have our suspicions scented there just yet."

"I must try; but I am a bad hand at deception. I have not much to do with the Squire just now; the Grantley's lawyer is doing most of the work about the settlements. Mr. Gaveston is very liberal in the matter."

"Yes, he has kept up the family character well in that respect; he has always appeared generous. Good day, Mr. Ord. To-morrow evening, at about this time, if you please."

Mr. Ord had a busy time of it the next day. Before he left Birmingham he called at Mrs. Sturrock's to see Mattie, frightening the old lady even more than Hawkes had done by the absurd announcement that he was a lawyer, and making her think that her demure looking servant, whose character was so good, was the centre of some secret conspiracy agai st the public weal. Mattie was grave and quiet, and promised all he required of her regarding silence.

"A day or two would make no difference," she said, "provided she were not silenced altogether. She must speak some time, for the sake of all kindness shown to her in days gone by."

Mrs. Barley was in the same quiet mood, with this difference, that she listened more eagerly to Mr. Ord's account of what had passed about Limping Jack, and put the same question about the succession that had been asked at the police office.

"I'm glad o' that," she said, when she was answered. "I aye thought it, but I was na sure. Oh, I wonna speak o' it to ony one now, till it's a' found out; though had I stepped at the Hall, I couldna' ha' held me tongue, may be."

"I think it is quite as well you left," he said. "You are sure Mrs. Gaves on does not suspect?"

"She dreams, but Miss Alice does. While I think you have saw true the first when we were a' blinded by the likeness."

Mrs. Gaveston did not suspect, Mr. Ord soon found out. She spoke frankly of her brother, as she always called the squire, and told all about Mr. Kennedy's visit and the questions he asked with so much candor.

"It was so strange of him to be so surprised at Ralph being so improved and altered, was it not?" she said; "he surely did not expect him a rough digger like himself."

"Oh, mamma, Mr. Kennedy was not a rough digger—he was a perfect gentleman, was he not, now, Mr. Ord?"

"I thought him so, my dear, but people see with different eyes." No, it was quite certain Mrs. Gaveston suspected nothing—her faith in her "brother" had yet to be shaken.

CHAPTER XLII.

FOUND.

More tidings from London awaited Mr. Ord the next day at the police office. The man sent to make the inquiries respecting Mr. Kennedy's sudden departure had done his work wisely and well. He had ascertained everything there was to be learned about Mr. Carter, who had arrived in a cab with no luggage only the night before his friend came, and had gone out for a couple of hours, coming back and ordering breakfast for two in the morning. He had paid well for every thing, and had given the landlord to understand that he was the bearer of terrible tidings for the gentleman he expected, which would necessitate their starting for Australia at once. A ship's captain had come to see him, and he had been heard urging something upon him very strongly to which he seemed to assent; it was supposed to be about waiting a tide for the friend he was expecting.

Having no luggage and seeming as though he was fearful of being mistrusted, he had given the names of Messrs. Tailand and Geary, of Cannon street, City, who he said knew both him and the gentleman whom he expected. Mr. Kennedy, of Melbourne. The landlord suspected nothing, and it was not until they had left under very strange circumstances that he made any inquiries respecting them.

"What circumstances?" asked Mr. Ord, interrupting the narrative at this point; "how did he go away? I cannot think that he went of his own free will."

"It did not look like it, sir; he was carried away quite insensible." And then he went on to relate how the gentleman had duly come to breakfast, and how a cab was ordered, his friend and a waiter had carried him down between them and placed him in it. The landlord made some remark, but Mr. Carter only said something about his being overcome.

"Partly agitation and partly brandy," he said. "He'll be all right in an hour; but I cannot wait any longer." He paid everything in a business like manner, and it was no concern of the landlord's; but, for all that, he thought it rather queer, and went to Messrs. Tailand and Geary on the quiet, to see what they would say.

"And what did they say?" asked the lawyer in great excitement.

"Why, sir, they seemed to have said that they knew both gents; they gave Mr. Kennedy the highest of characters, and said they were sure Mr. Carter wouldn't tell him without good reason, as of course nothing more was thought about it, for Mr. Kennedy had put his name down on the book and they had seen it on his valise as well. I'm afraid he's disposed of, sir; I'm not so sure about the other."

"Why?"

"Because down among the pilots by the river I heard something about the Cygnet; the man that went out with her was back, and he told me of a passenger that was took on board drunk; he hadn't come to himself then, he said, and they couldn't find the other nowhere; he'd got off the ship at Gravesend, they thought."

"I was sure of it," the superintendent said; "I knew he would not want to go to the other side of the world; his secret is too profitable here. Is that all?"

"Not quite, sir," replied the man, with the look of one who had kept his most important piece of intelligence till the last. "When Mr. Carter left the hotel he was in such a hurry, or so confused that he left his coat behind him. I brought it with me, gentlemen, for I thought it would interest you, may be; and I made so bold as to look in the pockets, too. There wasn't much in them, but a handkerchief and this."

"This" was a letter—a trivial little note—twisted up and forgotten, but the handwriting was Ruth Grantley's, and it was directed to Ralph Gaveston, Esq., Gaveston Hall, whose name was stamped in gilt letters on the loop in the collar of the coat, was stamped in gilt letters on the loop in the collar of the coat.

"Very clear as to who was the planner of this pretty affair, I think," the superintendent remarked, after they had looked at one another and the coat for two or three minutes of amazed suspense. Now we have to discover who was the acting agent, though I think there can be little doubt it was that o' some friend of the squire's who beats such an extremely elegant name. We shall have to catch him now."

"Ye's, but how?" Mr. Ord asked.

"I suspect he will come blindly into our clutches. He does not know that other people have discovered the secret that is so valuable to him, and he will come for more money as soon as he has visited away whatever his payment may have been for his friendly offices now. I suspect, however, that lame fellow that Hawkes is after holds the most important proofs. Mrs. Badger told one of our men, in the most innocent manner, all she knows or had heard, this morning."

"You have left nothing undone, I see," Mr. Ord remarked sadly—the worry was telling on him terribly.

It was a dreadful thing for him to be so deceived where he had so loved and trusted. The officer saw the feeling which spoke in his words and pitied him.

"It is necessary to do everything," he replied quickly. "The law cannot countenance a career of crime like this. I can hardly comprehend how it has gone on so long."

"I can; I know how heavily he must have paid for the keeping of his secret. I understand now where his money went to that used to vanish so mysteriously. Limping Jack has had his share, you may be sure, and this other man, too. Poor Ruth Grantley. I am vexed to the heart for her, and yet nothing can be done."

While affairs were thus progressing at Birmingham Mr. Hawkes was pursuing his way in the world, and doing a good stroke of business in his own line. He had said that Mr. Dale was wandering about, and he had spoken truly. Poor gentleman, he could get le to nothing, and was wasting his will and energy, to say nothing of his money, in a fruitless search. He was beginning to give up hope, and to regard Ralph Gaveston, for all that gentleman's apparent innocence in the matter as the cause of his troubles. He had plenty of money, but he was spending it uselessly in wild journeys to all sorts of impossible places, in answer to mysterious advertisements, and in payment to all and sundry whom he thought likely to be able to help him. By a strange coincidence, he met Hawkes at Glasgow, and even the stolid detective felt a pang as he saw the glance of hope which lit up his face.

"What brings you here?" he asked with quivering lips; "is there any clue? Are you come to look for her?"

It was hard to crush that hope that had so suddenly sprung up; but he was not to be told, so Hawkes replied evasively.

"I'm on another job now, Mr. Dale; after a party as may be able—I say, may be able, to give me some information. I wouldn't count on it too much if I were you, for when it comes, sorrow to many a one will come with it."

"Sorrow to one about her—my Mary?"

"I can't tell you, Mr. Dale. I'm working a little in the dark myself, but I do believe that your wife is alive and took care of, and has had no harm from any one. But that Squire Gaveston is a villain, sir, and the man I'm after can prove it. You was good enough to put yourself in my hands once, sir; will you do it again and be patient?"

"I will try, but it is very, very hard."

"I thought you would. Then, sir, if I might advise, I would say, go to Warwick or Birmingham, giving me your address, and wait. In a very short time from this all will be made clear, and you will understand what puzzles you so now, and see your—your wife again."

"I will go, Hawkes," he replied. "Heaven knows it does not much matter where I go, or what I do now; I'm sick of it all."

"So are more I could name, sir. I think you will do well to go and see Mr. Ord, if you will but keep clear of Gaveston Hall. We don't want any suspicions roused there at present; our bird might fly away and leave us in the lurch, if he got wind of our intentions."

"And is Mr Gaveston a——"

"A murderer. It is a big charge, is it not, Mr. Dale? The man I want can prove that the present 'Squire of Gaveston is the man who did that ghastly deed out in America; others can speak to his having caused, or rather hastened, the death of the baby whose place he took in the estate; and there's more behind that I can't speak of yet; but it will all be out soon."

Mr. Dale was comforted even by this fragmentary intelligence, and promised to do all Hawkes bade him, and that gentleman left him and went on to Paisley. The shop where the Birmingham papers were ordered was soon found, and he bought a *Herald*, and proceeded to chat with the owner of the establishment.

"Business good, eh?" he asked, with the air of one intensely interested in the sale of penny papers and cheap literature.

"Oh, ay, middling."

"Seems a good paper, this *Herald*. Much circulation now?"

"Ay, pretty well; but the Glasgow papers come down wet from the press, and locals have na muckle chance, ye ken. But wha' may ye be that are speering about my trade; does it concern you ony way?"

"Not a bit; but I have a son in it—a big shop in London, where they do business in all the newspapers published in the world, I do believe. It would make you stare to see the quantities they receive and send out daily."

"Ah, I daresay; we dinna dae muckle here beyond Glasgow and Edinburgh papers, whiles a few locals from different parts of Scotland, nothing else."

"No English ones?"

"Only two or three of the London dailies and a few weeklies."

"Indeed! Now I should have thought that some of the big towns, like Liverpool and Manchester, would send their local papers almost everywhere—in London, now."

"Ay, but London and Paisley are different; I dinna sell an English local paper in a year, or I have na till the last week or two. I have a customer now wha take Birmingham and Warwick papers; I reck'ld he comes from thereaway."

"Ah, indeed, he's a countryman of mine then. I came from that part of England. So you get there papers for him?"

"Ay, and he's gay particular about them, and sinna trole their nae being here to the time or getting mislaid, or ony thing. And I mind, he said, when one o' them wasna to the fore, that he might see something in these papers that might make his fortune."

"Indeed! And he comes for them himself?"

"Ay, never misses—as regularly as Monday comes round."

Mr. Hawkes gossiped on a little longer, but he had got the information he wanted, and the result of his visit was that he established himself in a cottage the window of which overlooked the little shop, and waited. Monday came in due course, and when Limping Jack returned to Pollockshaws with his weekly parcel of news, Mr. Hawkes was seated in the next compartment, ready to follow him the moment the train stopped.

TO BE CONTINUED.

GYMNASTIC EXHIBITION.—The Annual Exhibition of the Washington Gymnastic Association took place at the spacious rooms of the Association on Louisiana avenue, Washington, D. C., December 22. The building used by the Society is well adapted for the purpose, being large and roomy, and conveniently located. The stock of apparatus is as complete as can be desired, every fixture used by gymnasts being embraced in the schedule. In consequence of illness, Dr. T. C. Calver, the professor, was not present; Mr. T. B. Nolan, however, conducted the exercises in a very satisfactory manner, the absence of Dr. Calver only necessitating the withdrawal from the programme, of one act, the Musical Rings. Messrs. Warren and Pugh appeared upon the double trapeze and acquitted themselves creditably. Mr. Tuttle performed the slow revolve feat in a very graceful manner, and Mr. Colgate on the Giant Swing elicited hearty applause. Several members participated in feats on the Parallel Bars, Messrs. Alden and Nolan being particularly good in accomplishing graceful acts.

PIGEON SLAUGHTER.—Four pigeon matches were shot on Newcastle mountain, near Reading, Pa., on the 19th inst. The first was between Thomas Riley and William Tyler, ten birds each, the latter killing eight to his opponent's five. The second was between Riley and William Lindeman, five birds each, the former killing all of his share and winning the stake at issue. The third was between Eyler and William Jenkinson, five birds each, the former killing five to the four of his rival. The fourth and last match was contested by Lindeman and Rice, four double birds each, Eyler killing his first pair and one of the third couple, thereby winning the match.

PONDEROUS PORKERS IN THE SMITH FAMILY.—Six Smiths, brothers, of Middlefield, Mass., and thereabouts, raised their several rival pigs of the Northampton breed recently, and Mr. Lawrence Smith, the owner of the smallest, paid the supper previously agreed upon as the stakes to be forfeited, "the blindermost" in this race for fatness. This small porker kicked the beam at five hundred pounds, and the largest tallied six hundred and eighty-four. Lawrence's house was beautifully decorated on the occasion of the supper, and fifty of his kith and kin partook of his hospitality.

WHICH SHE LOVED BEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY P. Q. LEAR.

"Tell me, darling girl," said I,
"Ease me of my vill unrest;
Which of all your suitors, now,
Tell me, do you love the best.
Some are rich, of noble birth,
Some are handsome men, I see;
Some have talent; others, skill—"
Straight she looked and smiled on me.

"Precious!" to myself, said I,
"After all my hopes and fears
Can it be that I am blest?
I'm the one—so it appears.
Can it be she chooses me,
Leaving, in despair, the rest?
Have I waked the God of Love
In the gentle maiden's breast?"

"Tell me," then again said I,
"Pretty, little trembling dove,
Which, of all that seek your hand,
Do you only, truly love?"
All was silent; you'd have heard
A pin if it had chanced to fall.
Said she, in my waiting ear,
"O, you flat—*I love 'em all!*"

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ.

No. 36—The Drury Case.

When I was a little boy the gossips of the town were wont to discuss the sad story of the murder of Miss Sands, one of those mysteries in the criminal life of New York by no means uncommon, which put to the blush the truth of the time honored adage, "murder will out." So even in those early days of our community it was possible for a malefactor to commit a horrid crime and cloak it in such a manner as to preclude possibility of detection. The body of Miss Sands was discovered in a well in the very heart of the present Eighth Ward, not more than two blocks to the rear of the St. Nicholas Hotel, and yet in the beginning of this century that location was so far out of town as to be reached only by country roads, and so secluded as to be out of sight of any neighborhoods. No wonder that our worthy progenitors were perplexed at the discovery of a murderer with such circumscribed limits as then encompassed the town.

Next we had the murder of Helen Jewett, an unfortunate courtesan dwelling in the aristocratic abode of sin of a Mrs. Townsend, patronized by the rich merchants and merchants' clerks situated on Thomas street, in close proximity to Hudson street, upon a handsome estate, upon which stood a very fine mansion, a reduction mill for working precious metals, and an office for the transaction of business. He was a man of violent temper and somewhat irregular habits, unpopular with his neighbors and of a repulsive manner of address. He had been unfortunate in accidents by losing an arm in some machinery he was erecting, for he was a good machinist and chemist.

Drury had a large family, of whom the eldest son, young S——, a bright and intelligent youth, having been maltreated, ran away from home and attempted to make his living elsewhere. In the course of his wanderings Sam, with a son of a Mr. Bell, fell in with One Eyed Thompson, who, gleaning from the particulars of their flight, promised to communicate the parents knowledge of their children's whereabouts. Instead, however, of fulfilling his promise, he sent both on wild goose chases, while he employed himself in the boys into the mysteries of "shoving the queer," in which he excelled. Returning to this city, Young Sam Drury obtained employment with Tom Bell, the auctioneer, and was on his establishment when Thompson employed him to deliver the torpedo box, representing that it contained some packages of the counterfeited Moffat bills, the object of his journey in the back part of the State during the prosecution of which he had accidentally encountered the young man, over whom he seemed to have attained a remarkable ascendancy. On the same day he wrote to the elder Drury to call at the house of Monat, as there he would find his son. The old gentleman did so, but was disappointed in his mission, as he did not see his son until the young man, terrified at discovering the nature of the box he had delivered, voluntarily returned to his father's house for advice and consolation. Thompson followed the boy, and attempted to extort a large sum of money out of Drury, who had, it seems, been a successful operator in counterfeit plates.

One morning the papers teemed with sensational reports of the attempted murder of an entire family by means of a torpedo, or infernal machine, the explosion of which had shattered the whole front of the house, luckily without shattering the individuals intended to be destroyed. An examination into the truth of the reports gave information to the effect that Mr. Thomas Warner, sitting at the dinner table with his son, a youth, was informed by his wife that a package had been left for him during his absence in Philadelphia. Mr. Warner inquired why she had not opened it, to which she replied that it was intended for him, and requested him to open it in her presence that she might see what the package

a recognition of our presence, terminating with the quaint remark of:—"Lor, Mr. Kight, you are always so very funny."

The plausible Kight acknowledged the compliment by a twist of his moustache, when, remembering some idea of the rules governing presentations to European courts, as laid down by Dr. Rush for the illumination of unsophisticated Americans abroad, I resolved upon attempting a departure from the queenly pres nce in strict accordance with courtly etiquette.

I commenced by executing a profound ex gam, and stepped back three paces to the rear, a movement which brought me in direct contact with one of the exquisites with such force that he was deprived of his perpendicular and descended upon the Brussels carpet in considerable of a heap. But as I was travelling upon my dignity, I did not pause to pick up the pieces, but executing another salaam I retreated back and with an augmented pace and, again indulging in a third performance, made, with my eyes still fixed respectfully on the fair hostess, a double quick movement to gain the parlor door. Unfortunately I mis calculated the direction of my course and came upon Old Spondulics who, astounded at my courtly manœuvre, jumped from an ott man just in time to avoid my approach, leaving his seat directly in my rear. Over the confounded thing I went with a crash, and suddenly found my head in contact with the floor, and both legs at right angles with the flat of my back.

Kight was wonderstruck at this exhibition; so, after picking up the fragments of the demolished exquisite and setting me firmly on my pins, he explained to Old Spondulicks that I had once made a state visit to some Oriental queen, and had probably got confused at the magnificent state in which we had been received by his charming daughter. Old Spondulicks was tickled at the idea and insisted upon going into the dining room to repair damages.

In the dining room Kight recovered his equanimity, and the millionaire, priding himself on the merits of his wine vault, insisted upon my opinion as to the value of his different vintages, for, he added, "You travellers know the best of everything."

I confess I was diffident at first, but, as Kight remarked that it would be policy to humor a pillar of the Exchange, I was induced to sample his imported lot, particularly as my comrade indulged in glowing commendations upon each liquid produced, and Spondulicks was terribly accommodating with his glasses. He was posted in the wine business to a point, so he brought out Chambertin, Osborne Port, Sherry that is now unprocurable, old Oard, as old as his grandfather, Tenerife, gold seal Johannisberger and Imperial Tokay. And, finally, when we had sampled all these varieties, the man of wealth insisted upon our trying a champagne punch of his own concoction, just to test his individual taste.

When we got in our cab it was wonderful to remark how enthusiastic Kight had grown under the influence of the millionaire's really good wines, so we rattled along with our cab at a tremendous pace, Kight insisting that we had no time to stop beyond a "how to do," "compliments of the season," "good time a coming," and the interchange of conventional phrases. We had reduced the catalogue of "snobs" to nearly a quarter, the "first class houses" to fully one-half, without venturing upon a second millionaire, designing, as Kight observed, to take them in a bunch.

At first I had fears as to the results of Kight's hilarity, but perceiving that, as his good nature increased, he grew more inclined to favor "snobs" with his prolonged presence, especially as in these houses, seemingly indifferent to his visitation, we found heartier welcomes, better cheer and more interesting ladies, than among the more pretentious classes; so I, for my part, was willing to throw the millionaires to the dogs and confine our attentions to the third class entirely, as the shades of evening were about to fall.

Kight had behaved himself manfully, considering the temptations of the day and the libations we were compelled to imbibe, just to humor the courtesy of the ladies. At times, it is true, his merriment partook of an eccentric character, but then, he said, those incidents were natural to a New Year's holiday. For instance, in his hurry, he called at two or three wrong houses, dropped in to inquire after a lady who had been dead for years, mistook widows for wives and mothers for daughters, and actually proposed himself in marriage to a lady he had never seen before. But these were, in his opinion, mere mental aberrations, accidental trifles, which could be rectified when he called again on the next New Year.

But there were physical vagaries in which my friend indulged of a more startling nature, and not so easily rectified. In the outburst of musical enthusiasm he astonished the ears of a pious family by commencing "Casta Diva" and degenerating into "Champagne Charlie," while he shocked the nerves of the damsels of another by attempting an exemplification of the "Can Can."

In the feeding department, however, Kight committed his greatest blunders. He sweetened his coffee from the salt cellar, and added out stewed oysters into punch glasses; he poured out whiskey for sherry wine, and deliberately carved a boned turkey in place of mince pie, besides carrying off two or three dagguerreotype cases, which, in the error of the moment, he considered as tobacco boxes. And again, towards the close of our visiting, he clearly exhibited aberration of mind when upon being asked by a fascinating fair to sing, he would take a graduated tumbler, twenty drops of aqua ammonia in half a tumbler of water," evidently believing himself to be in a druggist's store, inquiring for an article for intoxication.

There was no recovery from this last bungle; hence Kight and I came to the sage conclusion that we had done our duty for one day at least, especially as at the last stopping place he had lost his visiting list, and without it he was wholly at sea. So we entered our cab, leaving some more indefatigable individuals with clearer heads and emptier stomachs to attend to the levees of the neglected millionaires, as undoubtedly they would do.

When I reached home I lit my cigar and contemplated the extent of enjoyment in which I had participated. The credit side of the sheet was flattering in the extreme, comprising the acquaintance of some hundred and odd ladies, old, young and middling, whom I had never seen before, and would never see again, at least a gallon of mixed liquors, and a quarter hundred weight of commingled condiments, including a mince pie which some mischievous urchin had deposited in the crown of a hat which had been substituted for my own. *Per contra*, the sun of the holiday had been damaged to the extent of a disordered stomach, an excruciating headache and an exchanged hat. As for Kight, he was not seen upon the street for three days, during which time he breakfasted regularly upon buck and soda water, and supped upon anti-bilious pills. Still, notwithstanding these trivial drawbacks, he agrees with me that, in view of the general hilarity, from time immemorial, accompanying annual visitation of friends, it is an act of wisdom to encourage pleasant memories of the present and of the past in a happy New Year's Call.

CHRONICLES OF THE PRESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY AN EX-EDITOR.

No. 12.—Literary Specialties.

The mania for establishing journals in a long persons wholly inexperienced in journalism, which has been prevalent for several years past, called into momentary exis ence more than one journal devoted especially to dissemination of general information, which, while it benefited the printer and paper makers, failed not to evinces its projectors that the luxury of sustaining an editorial seat was much more costly than satisfactory. Many men of fortune, with more capital at their disposal, seemingly believed themselves competent for a newspaper management, totally oblivious to the fact that, compared with the other liberal professions, the editorial fraternity are the more limited in numbers, as well as the most overtasked as to intellectual requirements. Out of the immense congregation of successful merchants to be found in the business part of the town, or the formidable army of bankers, lawyers and other men of repute, it is related that not one in a thousand can compose an ordinary editorial touching topics connected with their daily avocations which would not be rejected by a professional member of the press; while it is notorious that even our most prominent politicians, when forced to appear before the public in a literary guise, are compelled to avail themselves of members of the literary profession in order to temper, if not wholly to compose the epistles published over their names. A person may write a very excellent essay, a readable discourse or an elaborate romance, but when he attempts an editorial article his incapacity in that branch of important and practical literature becomes signally apparent. The learned and persuasive orator, Edward Everett, was tempted, through patriotic motives, to contribute a series of articles to the *New York Ledger*, and we will venture to assert that they were inferior in style of a veritable editorial composition to the crudest of undigested emanations of an American "Special" in the ways of journalism. The popular Charles Dickens, originally a reporter, endeavored to enter upon the editorial management of the *Daily News*, a London daily, whose main dependence was upon the credit of his name, and still he was found inadequate to a task so materially different from his usual literary occupations.

Specialties in journalism, intended to be sustained by the general public, have been oftentimes attempted and never attended with more than indifferent success. This has been particularly the case with periodicals devoted to the culture of music and the fine arts, which, although conducted by men of eminences in their respective professions, competent and able critics, could not be rendered stable enterprises, their projectors being ultimately forced to seek a channel for their opinions in the all absorbing daily press. If in the musical world such competent critics as Sir Will. Henry G. Watts and C. C. Rosenberg, Charles B Seymour, C. B Burchardt and others, could not induce the public to sustain periodicals especially devoted to operatic and musical literature at a time when a musical mania pervaded all classes of society, what reasonable expectation of success could be entertained by those over ambitious individuals who have ventured upon purely art journals when but a very limited portion of the community has cultivated a taste for the beautiful?

I will name that a quarterly magazine of the fine arts, the *Cosmopolitan Art Journal*, at one time attained a handsome circulation, but then that publication was but a secondary appendage to a scheme of art distribution, in which the chances of gaining a valuable painting preponderated over any interest felt in the magazine itself, although it was handsomely printed, neatly embellished and replete with interesting matter. When Mr. Channcey L. Derby, of the Cosmopolitan Art Association, completed the employing that institution as the basis for a permanent journal of the arts, as has been successfully done in England he greatly over-estimated the artistic capacities of his patrons and under-estimated the enormous expenses of so laudable an undertaking. The useless legislation of this State, which proscribes the possibility of Art Unions as legitimate institutions, and of free art galleries as the attendant consequences, has so far circumscribed the improvement of the masses in their respect to appreciation of the fine arts that a popular art journal must be regarded as a chimera. In all European capitals the inhabitants grow accustomed to the inspection of works of high art through the existence of free galleries, and being interested in the originals, naturally seek possession of their reproductions in a fair style of engraving. With us, since the suppression of the American and International Art Unions, no local gallery has been open to the general public, where, therefore, although naturally inclined towards an admiration of works of high art, deprived of these opportunities of inspecting masterpieces of value and of skill, which it has been the policy of European governments to throw open gratuitously for inspection. When this trans-Atlantic piece of wisdom is emulated, if not excelled, then, and not until then, can we rationally suppose our population competent to sustain publication devoted exclusively to art subjects, and embellished with such engravings as would tend to popularize a school of design to which our people are, at the present moment, comparative strangers.

Even in the specialty of Freemasonry, sustained as it should be by the countenance of an ancient and most numerous body of men, united by mystic bonds and ceremonious ties, boasting a history running into a remote past, and exerting an immense influence upon social progress, it has been discovered impracticable to establish a permanent organ, although several, edited by gentlemen of ability and high in the order, have expended both time and money in various endeavors so to do. Possibly the most learned and intellectual masonic periodical ever published in any country, and assuredly infinitely superior to the *Freemason's Magazine*, of London, emanated about eleven years since from a publishing house in this city, under the title of the *American Quarterly Review of Freemasonry*, which, although edited by the celebrated masonic jurisprudent, Dr. Albert G Mackey, of Charleston, S. C., was, in reality, the enterprise of Mr. Robert Macoy, one of the grand officers of this State. Its main contributor was Albert Pike, the head of the Scottish Rite at the South, whose erudition, sustained by possession of one of the most valuable libraries in the United States, unfortunately dispersed during the late civil war, evinced itself in a series of articles upon the Mysteries of An iquity as kindred to the masonic science. But these learned and elaborate researches, in lieu of producing the effect designed, without evoking the enthusiasm of the intelligent among the fraternity, excited the prejudices of those adhering to their prior sectarian tenets, while their profundity and erudition, treating, as they did, a subject unknown save to a deeply read classical scholar, disgusted a vast majority, who denounced them as the dryest of dry reading. Equally erudite articles were contributed to the *Quarterly* by Giles F. Yates, one of the most learned antiquaries of this State, but, as in the case of Pike, these contributions were enjoyed only by a select few—the elect among the elect. Despite a gradual infusion of much more agreeable matter for the general reader, which the experience of the editor compelled him to admit to its pages, a masonic publication of so isolated a character could never be rendered popular with the mass of the order; hence, this ambitious periodical, after existing the admiration of the learned masonic writers in Europe, passed out of existence at the termination of a two years' trial leaving the field in occupation of provincial monthlies.

During the troublesome days of Freemasonry, when the harmony of the craft was distracted by the contentions of rival grand lodges, there was published quite a spirited, although small sized, sheet, devoted to the interests of the St. John's Grand Lodge, and entitled the *Masonic Sentinel*, avowedly under the editorial supervision of its Grand Master, Henry T. Atwood. Although accredited as the organ of associationists from the representatives of the main body of the fraternity, the *Sentinel* obtained a good circulation among all parties, mainly on account of the admitted masonic proficiency of its conductor, who, although neither a publisher or a vigorous writer, was well versed in the traditions and practices of the craft, he having been immersed in the ancient work, presumptively assumed or virtually during the continuance of the Morgan excitement. Upon settlement of the Grand Lodge troubles the *Sentinel* was allowed to fall into obscurity, until after a lapse of several years, upon recurrence of Masonic troubles, its resuscitation was vainly attempted by a young printer named Winchester, who, during the late war, was slain as a Captain of Zouaves and Master of an army lodge.

The *National Freemason*, originally a monthly in the city of Washington, edited by the Rev. Dr. McMurdy, was translated to New York and converted into a weekly, in the hope of establishing a central organ for amalgamating the various rites, among which the higher degrees had been distributed, in which task the reverend editor was assisted by John W. Simons, an elevated dignitary, in all the various branches. Probably Dr. McMurdy and his colleagues ventured upon too comprehensive a scope of action, or perhaps once the numbers of the rival grades adhered too closely to their peculiar dogmas, but certain it is that the proprietors of the sheet, finding Freemasonry unprofitable, if not unpopular, essayed the expedient of converting their publication into a semi-sensational hebdominal and of changing its title to the *National*, adding the words and *Free. mason* in very illegible characters.

The decision of our city postmaster, assigning the publication of the list of advertised letters to an Ann street printer, afforded him an opportunity of publishing a masonic paper upon a comparatively economical scale. Consequently Dr. Levy, who could append almost as many mystic hieroglyphics to his name as his clerical rival, came out with his *Mail Bag and Masonic Mirror*, devoted equality to the interest of Uncle Sam as to those of the fraternity. As the paper was both useful and economical, for a time it attained a good circulation, until the retirement of the postal list deprived it of its more useful feature in the eyes of the general public. Thrown upon its masonic resources the *Mirror* appeared semi-occasionally, until the ill health of its editor necessitated its suspension.

The final and most vigorous attempt to establish a purely masonic sheet, unmixed with literature, commerce or mail bags, was made by an association of masons, created by a Mr. Charles Latour, who ventured to assume business management of the *Mystic Temple*. The "Fraternal Association" knew nothing of journalism and still less of printing, so, after the publication of their banting for the space of a quarter of a year, they discovered their entire capital expended, together with all receipts, and not a dollar of assets. They assessed the stockholders and proceeded with the publication, which, by the way, was accepted by the fraternity at large as the best paper, notwithstanding the manifold defects as to size, form and other typographical qualities, which had as yet been devoted to masonry, as to intellectual and literary properties, until the association found themselves overwhelmed with debts, generated by their salaried officers, and threatened with judgments from every quarter. As this state of things could not be made to pay, the amateur associates wisely concluded to retire from masonic publishing, leaving the sheriff to close up the door of the *Mystic Temple* and to extinguish the greatest lights of masonry lingering in our midst.

Neither have the Odd Fellows been more successful in sustaining a special journal than their brethren of the mystic tie, for, notwithstanding their numerical strength and the variance of 1 boring under neither the religious nor political prejudices of any portion of the community, as is the case with masonry, they have suffered a sheet which once possessed a wide spread circulation to languish into oblivion. True, the *Golden Rule* flourished in those days, when Superintendent Kennedy, James W. Hale, the Rev. Dr. Chapin and other well known magnates, ruled as the magnis of Odd Fellowship; when Odd Fellows' Hall was erected, in plentitude of brotherly glory; when Masonry was obscured by a passing cloud and Odd Fellowship received as its moral substitute; at that period the *Golden Rule*, in itself, irrespective of its specialty, a very handsome and ably edited sheet, of mammoth dimensions, could be found as the acceptable government, as to literature and morals, of almost every homestead in town and country, so widely disseminated had been its propagation. But Odd Fellowship was at that time a fraternal mania, and, when its fatherlessness partially subsided, as the curse of masonry renovated, the instructive morality and entertaining literature of the *Golden Rule* was among the first things forgotten.

Neither was the *Golden Rule* a solitary example of deserted enthusiasm, for, when the Temperance movement was at its height, the *Organ*, published by Isaac J. Oliver, since politician and superintendent, attained a circulation of many thousands, and its rival, the *Washingtonian*, another advocate of the Gospel of Libations, almost equaled its popularity. Nevertheless, when the cold water excitement passed away, people awoke to an appreciation of the literary intemperance of those who would persecute a social dereliction as a criminal enormity, and hence newspapers of so proscriptive a character were either totally suspended or converted into childish gazettes, to tickle the untutored fancies of the rising generation.

The most profitable specialty in journalism upon a minor scale, is undoubtedly to be found in that relating to commercial and financial matters, in which votaries to Mammon find some congenial means of exhibiting their notoriety or their business operations. The so-called capitalists of Wall street are among the most sensitive of our inhabitants, inasmuch as their operations are mostly based upon credit, while shrewd speculators dread editorial animosity, less the bubbles by them set afloat might be punctured by the keen pen of a sarcastic journalist. At the same time the honest trader finds it to his advantage, whether original importer or jobber, to patronise newspapers devoted to his pathway in commerce, as it familiarizes him with the habits of dealers and with the value of his commodities in which he deals.

Some eighteen years ago the *Dry Goods Reporter*, one of the most able commercial sheets of its day, boasted an influence and patronage second to none of the Wall street journals, as well from the ability of the commercial articles by it published, as from its sound and practical editorials upon the topics of the day. The dry goods dealer conceived, therefore, and most justly, to be an influential class of merchants, and therefore bestowed upon the journal placed under their nominal guardianship a liberal advertising patronage, which enabled it to secure the most competent writers upon mercantile subjects available, and in this way to render it a standard authority in the Atlantic and Western cities. The soundness of such a policy was soon apparent to the metropolitan importers and jobbers, as their trading advertisements produced the advent of purchasers from those points the *Reporter* had reached. The financial department being under the charge of Thomas P. Kittell, a most competent money market editor, established for him a reputa ion he desired to augment by becoming editor and proprietor of the sheet, in which he changed the name of the paper and its title to that of the *Economist*. The folly of this step soon became evident, as the dry goods trade, no longer identified with the journal, withdrew their patronage, and dependent solely upon the monetary interests, it could no longer sustain the heavy expenses incurred in the management of the other departments. Consequently, the *Economist*, despite its financial value, after a year or so sickened and died.

In a like manner the *Journal of Finance, Stockholder, Insurance Monitor, Mining Journal, Shipping List* and other papers of an especial character, more or less known to the public at large, have been able to sustain themselves by a direct appeal to the patronage of those whose busin ss interests they represent and advocate. Such moreover is the case with journals adhering to the advancement of the mechanical and inventive interest, who, however, not being local by reason of the continuous flow of their enrollment, are exempt from competition their contemporaries limited to the influences of trade and commerce. As the genius of the American people is decidedly mechanical, and the spirit of invention confined to no particular section of the country, de ails of ingenious contrivances, especially those covered by letters patent, are greedily devoured by readers in every portion of the country. It is upon this account and an illimitable thirst after scientific information, that the *Scientific American* and *Advocate of Arts*, both chronicles of the inventive art, have attained a widespread dissemination which would be hopeless in other countries where knowledge of mechanics and their application to the purposes of every day life has been confined to a few educated engineers.

The *Citizen* originated as a weekly journal devoted to a political speciality, the abolition of municipal corruption as it exis s in our city government and its dependencies. For years past the Citizens' Association, seemingly a body of impracticable letion to which she had spelt the words very badly. She ended- ing and organizing, until finally they came to the conclusion of establishing an organ wherein their grievances, oftentimes the subject of newspaper jocularity, could be set forth in due manner and form. But the *Citizen*, under this management, found little favor in the sight of the reading public. Hence, upon the close of the war, it was disposed of to Col. Halpine, who, during his martial career, edited as literary a weekly journal under the soubriquet of "Private Miles O Reily" by a series of political effusions of a semi-satirical character. Under the editorship of Mr. Halpine, a superior scholar, genial humorist, and astute politician, assisted by Messrs. Robert B. Roosevelt and John R. Walker as editorial associates, the *Citizen* was gradually assuming a leading position in journalism when the sudden demise of its chief editor, who had unfortunately for its permanent welfare made little too much of its specialty, aroused its progressive career.

"HIGH" GAME OF OLD SLEDGE.—A California correspondent tells this story:—"I was a passenger on a steamer from Panama to San Francisco, when the rush of travel on that line was immense. We were badly crowded, and there was no room for chairs or tables, yet we were bound to have our game of 'old sledge.' A Baptist minister, with a bar for gold, had deserved his buck, and occupied a sleeping place in the cabin floor. He was a large, corpulant man, and, finding him a sound sleeper, four of us squatted around him and commenced to play on his broad stomach, scoring the points of the game on his black vest. We played for several hours undisturbed, except by an occasional snore of uncommon force. I had won considerable, and one of my opponents, Jim Doyle by name, becoming excited at my turning up 'Jack,' brought down his fist upon the lower part of the parson's stomach with great power. The pious old gentleman was awakened thereby, and looked up with some surprise, but seeing the state of the case, quietly exclaimed:—'Go on with your game, boys; but if you are going to pound me in that manner you had better let me turn over.'"

TAKING COLD BATHS.—While skating, on the 19th ult., on Kean's Pond, Elizabeth, N. J., a Miss D Day and Mr. Howe went through the ice. Miss Day's brother and a Mr. Legget, who were skating close behind, also fell in. A lad named Willie Haisie went to their assistance, but he too went in. A boy named Ferdinand Ritter skated to a fence, and procured a pole, with which Miss Day was "ushed" out. The other parties scrambled to dry land. The water was very deep at the time, and it is very fortunate that none of them were lost.

'SPUTING WID MASSA.—"Well, Sam, what hab you been doing wid yourself all dis blessed day?" "What is dat to you, you saucy nigger; s'pose I was to tell you dat I hab been habing a long dispute wid massa, what could dat signify to you?" "'Sputing wid massa! Pray what might you hab been 'sputing about?" "Waal, ceo, I'll tell you. Massa came up to me about twelve o'clock, and says to me—'Sam, dis is first rate ground for squash.' 'So it is, massa,' says I, and we 'sputed about it all de afternoon

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

CONUNDRUMS

WHICH of the reptiles is a mathematician? The adder.

WHAT poet is least distinguished for brevity? Longfellow.

WHY is the Letter F like death? Because it makes all fall.

DID Bacchus ever smoke a pipe of wine?

WHY is a ship like a watch? Because the hands in the top are of en consulted.

WHY is a weathercock like a loafer? Because he is constantly going round, doing nothing.

WHY is the letter K like a pig's tail? Because it is the latter end of pork.

WHY are lazy-looking girls most adored? Because they are *idle-ers-ed?*

WHAT piece of furniture should those tradesmen who profess to take charge of goods *without packing* have under their especial protection? The jury-box.

"WHAT branch of education do you have chiefly in your school?" "A willow branch, sir; the master has used almost a whole willow tree."

MAY you not gather from the historical accounts of the Triumvirate at Rome, that the Romans were well up in the "Rule of Three?"

WHAT is the first historical mention of a Hippophagist banquet? When Cæsar's ghost said to Brutus:—"We shall meet again at fifty-pie!"

BREVITIES.

IN love, the heart is the pupil of the eye.

THE prettiest lining for a bonnet is a sweet face.

FLATTERY is more dangerous masked than bare-faced.

THERE are wide wastes of intellect yet uninclosed.

MANY a theory won't bear the broad daylight of fact.

THE bride's orange blossom often bears bitter fruit.

BLUSHES are flying colors, which ma'dens carry becomingly.

To lay a wager is to *bet;* but to win it is BETTER.

ACTÆON was *chased*, but Diana was CHASTER.

A FAMILY likeness, not as a rule, a family picture.

A CURIOUS contradiction—the reign of snow.

MARRIAGE always begins and sometimes ends in a "union."

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES—particularly reduced circumstances.

FASHIONABLE ladies are like aristocratic houses; they have high *stoops*.

IF domestic infelicity drives men to sea, they should seek the Pacific ocean.

MISFORTUNE'S a filter which separates sincere friends from the scum.

THE most sterling of all newspaper articles—the money articles.

HOUSEHOLD NEWS.—Wives with melancholy eyes generally have melancholy husbands.

THE man who saw his neighbor die, and went home and dyed himself, is still living.

"YOU are a gun," says a fop to a young lady; "a par-a-gon." "You are a key," was the reply; "a don-key."

INDECISION is a decided evil, whether in the choice of a waistcoat or a wife.

DON'T reckon too much on the honeymoon; it may prove all moonshine.

THE heart that beats for no woman, is a niche without an image.

BE well assured that in the end, your life will be the manifestation of your principles.

DON'T attempt to be magniloquent upon trifles. Reserve your thunderpeals for proportionate occasions.

IT is doubtful if any man could by possibility do his noblest, or think his deepest, without a preparation of suffering.

IF you would know the full bitterness of ingratitude, wait till you have been wounded in the house of your friends.

WHEN the health of a city is good, the undertaker has a "beggarly account of empty boxes."

WHEN a man looks a little pale thoughts of licking the bucket naturally suggest themselves.

"MY inkwand is stationary," as the schoolmaster said when he found it nailed to his desk.

"UNION is not always strength," as the sailor said when he saw the purser mixing his rum with water.

IT's a great pleasure to be alone, especially when you have your sweetheart with you.

IT requires less merit to discover the faults of others than to bear them.

IT is easy to conceive why egotists find the world so ugly—they only see themselves.

A BACHELOR friend of ours has left a boarding house in which there were a number of old maids, on account of "the miserable *fair* set before him at the table."

A LADY's cheek is described as the poetic abode of the rose, but we are not told what kind of rose. When an ardent lover steals a kiss, we suppose it is a *cabbage rose*.

"YOU would not take me for twenty?" said a nice girl to her partner, while dancing, a few evenings ago; "what would you take me for?" "For better, for worse," replied he.

A YOUNG lady was discharged from one of the largest pickle manufactories one day last week. She was so *sweet* that the vinegar wouldn't act.

SINCERITY, in this world, is like gold among the savages, who barter treasure for glass beads. 'Tis a costly quality, but not current money.

MISUNDERSTANDING and inattention create more uneasiness in the world than deception and artifice; or, at least, their consequences are more universal.

WE speak evil of others; and should we not fear the evil they may say of us? Speak ill of no neighbor, if thou wouldst not hear what will trouble thee.

GOOD ADVICE.—If you are a lover don't love two girls at once. Love is a good thing, but it is like butter, it won't do to have too much hand at one time.

POLITENESS.—Politeness may prevent the want of wit and talent from being observed; but wit and talent cannot prevent the discovery of the want of politeness.

WE pay the services of fools by the right they take of tediously haranguing to us; in the same way that a tree which shelters you from a shower drops upon you long after it has ceased.

HUMAN credulity is boundless and inexhaustible. Often as mankind have been duped by schemes, they are still ready—nay, anxious to be again gull-d—and there is no absurdity too gross not to find many to give it credence.

LET him who expects one class in society to prosper to the highest degree, while the others are in distress, "Let him," as old Fuller says, "try whether one side of his face can smile while the other is pinched."

MERRY MOMENTS.

CHINESE SELF-POSSESSION.—It is said that a Chinaman, no matter where he finds himself, is never perplexed. Probably the reason is that he always has his *cue*.

CATCHING A TARTAR.—It is said that the Tartars invite a man to drink by gently putting his ear. A good many of our people will generally "take a pull" without waiting to have their ears pulled.

REFINED EMPLOYMENT.—A number of "elegant and refined young gentlemen" in Missouri it is said, advertise for situations as sons-in-law in wealthy families.

JUVENILE LOVE.—Recently in Paris a girl eleven years old stole a meerschaum pipe from a shop window, and was detected in the act. Being asked what she wanted with such an article, she replied—"My lover wished one, and I determined to gratify him."

A BAD SPELL.—A young lady who teaches music in an academy in Western New York, sent an order to a publisher, recently, to which she had spelt the words very badly. She ended- ing and organizing, until finally they came to the conclusion of establishing an organ wherein their grievances, oftentimes the subject of newspaper jocularity, could be set forth in due manner and form. But the *Citizen*, under this management, found little favor in the sight of the reading public. Hence, upon the close of the war, it was disposed of to Col. Halpine, who, during his martial career, edited as literary a weekly journal under the soubriquet of "Private Miles O Reily" by a series of political effusions of a semi-satirical character. Under the editorship of Mr. Halpine, a superior scholar, genial humorist, and astute politician, assisted by Messrs. Robert B. Roosevelt and John R. Walker as editorial associates, the *Citizen* was gradually assuming a leading position in journalism when the sudden demise of its chief editor, who had unfortunately for its permanent welfare made little too much of its specialty, aroused its progressive career.

PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.—Southey says, in one of his letters, "I have told of the Spaniard, who always put on his spectacles when he was about to eat cherries, that they may look bigger and more tempting. In like manner, I make most of my enjoyments; and, though I do not cast my cares away, I pack them in as little compass as I can, and carry them as such, when I will, on the former self and never let them annoy others."

SCOTCH PSALMISTRY.—A Scotch minister went into his pulpit once, in the olden time, in a somewhat muddled State, and, leaning over the precentor's desk (below the pulpit), said:—"Give out the 25th Psalm." "There 'reant so many," replied the precentor, wizen faced and savage. "Then sing so many as there be!"

THE "VIRGINS" *non est.*—The performance of "La Giese" in a western theatre, lately, was suddenly brought to a stop by the manager appearing before the curtain and informing the audience that his wife, who was to have played one of the "virgins," had at that moment been safely delivered of a fine, stout boy.

THEOLOGICAL INQUIRY.—A French journal reports the discovery of a book of theological discussion, written by some of the early monks, upon such questions as these:—"What was the shape of the wings of the Arch angel Gabriel?" "Did Pilate use soap when he washed his hands?" "How much wine did they drink at the marriage in Cana?" "Are there any angels with bartender wives?"

THEY KEN BE ALTERED.—"Gentlemen," said a candidate in the far west, after having given his sentiments on the "Constitution," the "Monroe Doctrine" and such like topics—"gentlemen," and he put his hand on the region of his heart, "these are my sentiments—these are the sentiments, gentlemen, of a honest man—aye, a honest politician—but, gentlemen and fellow-citizens, *of they don't suit you they ken be altered!*"

EPIGRAM on an ill-different actor *dawning* the characters of Richard and Richmond.

"As unparalleled feat,"—*Vide Plinii.*

Time was when but two parts two actors filled,
The one to kill—the other to be killed;
But now one rushes forward, nothing loth,
And brilliantly succeeds—in murdering both.

TOO HASTY.—A reporter recently lost a first class item by want of mere thought, according to a Boston paper. A young man attempted to jump from a train of cars which was approaching the city, and the Knight of the Pencil, with an eye to business, imprudently requested his name, age, occupation and residence for an obituary item. The man concluded not to jump.

WHAT A LOVER WOULD DO.—Amelia, for thee—yes, at thy command, I'd tear the eternal firmament into a thousand fragments—I'd gather the stars one by one as they turn le from the regions of ethereal space, and put them in my trousers' pockets; I'd pick the sun—that opulent god of day that travers the blue arch of heaven in such majestic splendor—I'd tear him from the sky, and quench his bright effulgence in the fountain of my eternal love for thee." "Don't, Henry, it would be so very dark."

A BARRISTER FOILED.—"Sir," said a fierce lawyer, "do you, on your solemn oath, declare this is not your handwriting?" "I reckon not was the cold reply. "Does it resemble your handwriting?" "Yes, I think is does." "Do you swear that it don't resemble your handwriting?" "Well, I do, old head." "You take your solemn oath that this writing does not resemble yours in a single letter?" "Yes-as, sir." Now, how do you know?" "Cause I can't write."

ROSSINI AND MEYERBEER.—Rossini and Meyerbeer greatly esteemed each other, but a short one. A friend once asked Rossini why he was not more friendlier with his German rival. "You know he admires your 'Semiramide,' and 'Cenerentola,' while you admire the merits of his *chefs d'œuvre*." "That is quite true," said Rossini; "but, Meyerbeer and I cannot get on together." "But why not?" "Why, he always will have it that sauer kraut is a better thing than Maccaroni."

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

GEO. E. CARPENTER.—If you will be so kind as to put all *addenda et corrigenda* on sheets like the "NOTES," it will aid us in preserving and arranging them; and we will give them in a body at convenient times. A little reflection will convince you that it would be totally subversive of the value and interest of the "NOTES" to give them in the "mongrel German" notation, and we thank you for deciding to drop it. The necessary translation costs us much trouble and multiplies the chances of clerical errors, especially in dealing with Black.

LOUIS GOLDSMITH.—As we decided, the CLIPPER *corps Au*s through "Zatridigitation" in all its bearings. Re-enter "Crooked Lake" with either Kt or P on Black Q 4th.

1...Kt to B 3 +	8...Q-Kt 6 +	15...B-Kt sq
2...Q-K 2 +	9...Kt-Q 7 +	16...B-Q 2
3...K-R sq +	10...Kt x Q.	17...Q-Kt 5
4...K-R 8 +	11...P Queens	18...B-B 3
5...Q x B +	12...K-R sq	19...Q-Kt 7 +
6...Q Kt 7 +	13...Q-B 6 +	19...P x Q, mate.
7...Kt x Kt or P +	14...B-B 2	

Black's best 7th move is Kt to B 4; for if 7...K to his 4; 8...Kt to Q 7th +, proceed as above, and the solution is in 18. Black's best 14th is K to his 4th.

White's 17th move is as given, or Q to B sq +, as Black plays 16; and Black's 18th is P x B.

But now comes Chas. Porter and lays it and them all out, with the following, with a Pawn on Q 4th:—

1. Kt to K 2	8. Kt to B 5	15...B to K 3
2...Q-K 4	9...Q-B 6	16...B-B sq
3...Q-Kt 2	10...Q-Q 4	17...Q-Kt 2
4...Q-Kt 5	11...Q-B sq	18...Q-Q B 2,
5...K-R 7	12...Q-B 2	compelling
6...K-R 8	13...Q-B 4	18...Q x Q, mate.
7...Q-R 5	14...Q-R sq	

Black's best 4th is K to B 7; and 9th, K x P. If Black play 8...K to R sq, White will play 9th, B to K 3; 11...B to B sq; 12...Q to K 2; and 13...Q to B 2, forcing 13...Q x Q, mate. All White's moves throughout give check. We have 24 and 24 moves so ations which are comparatively uninteresting, if the above are sound. "Is it a wonderful game?"

WM. H. LYONS.—Thanks for renewed contributions, which we will use as you suggest. In Enig. No. 653, you have run into the old "sell," not yet having discovered its lull and true beauty. The author of "Eureka" owns to the correctness of your handiwork; but if you will be good enough to add a Black Pawn at K Kt 2, we have no doubt you will see new depth and beauty in it. The displaced proba. we will use as "for beginners." All else right. Your "impunity" omission, in "A. Z. H.'s" little 4-move extra, is forestalled by placing a White P at K Kt 2d.

A. Z. H.—Thanks for acquiescence; the exception is approved; the omission in old No. 7, we find was yours.

CHAS. PORTER.—You are the only one thus far to whom it was pos. to send a solution of Enig. 652; and your note that you will *do* for a metaphysician, "or any other man," is well merited. Prob. 652, right and "very correct," as you say. You and "C. L." have run a close race on "Zatridi.," with C. P. a "feetle ahead."

G. REICHHELM.—Our contributor C. P., says:—"In game No. 649, Mr. R. can give mate in 8 moves, thus:—

1...Q to B 6	K home	5...Q x B	K home *best*
2...Q-B 7	K-Q sq	6...Q-Kt 8	K-his 2
3...Q x E	K-his 2	7...Q-B 8	K-his 3
4...B-Kt 5	B x B *best*	8...Q-B 6, mate.	

All White's moves give check.

M. M. COOKE.—Your *remiree*, with the nice little triplet, a worthy successor to your others, is cordially welcomed.

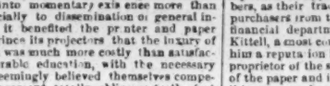
ARCANUM.—If your "first attempt" prove sound we shall be tempted to give it, on account of the number of contingencies provided for, as it seems a promise of future excellence.

H. B. HOGNER.—The game is most welcome.

Enigma No. 656.

From the Gloucestern.

BY J. M. BERGER.



White to play and give mate in four moves.

Problem No. 656.

"The Stonewall."

BY A. Z. H.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 656.

Our contributor G. Reichheim, gives Mr. B. Henry, of Philadelphia, the odds of Q R.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack. Mr. Reichheim.	Defence. Mr. Henry.	Attack. Mr. Reichheim.	Defence. Mr. Henry.
1...P to K 4	P to K 4	12...Q to Q 5	Q to K B sq
2...Kt-B 3	Kt-B 3	13...P-K 5	Castles
3...K B-B 4	K B-B 4	14...Q x Q P (*b*)	K B-Kt 3
4...P-Q Kt 4	B x Kt P	15...B-Q Kt sq	K B-Kt 5
5...P-Q B 3	P-Q B 4	16...Q-K 2	Q to K 2 (*c*)
6...Castles	P-Q 3	17...P-Q R 5	Q Kt-Q 5
7...P-Q 4	K P x P	18...K Kt x Kt	K B x Kt
8...B P x P	K B-Kt 3	19...K R x P	R P x Kt
9...Q B-B 3	Q Kt-Q 5	20...Q Kt x P +	K-R sq
10...Q-her R 4	Q B-Q 3	21...Q x Kt 2d P	B-his 3
11...Q-Kt 3	Q-K 2 (*a*)	22...B-Q R 6	Q-K 2 (*d*),

and Attack announ

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

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Robert H. Height,
John Sherman,
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Millie Blair,
Miss Kellogg,
Mrs. Harry Evaria,
Carrie Aug. Moore (2)
Annie Dillingham,
Fanny Herring,
Molly Cook,
Sallie W. Burton,

Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 5 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

Death's Doings in the Profession for 1868.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Below will be found a list of all the deaths that have occurred in the profession as far as have come to our knowledge. During the year 1867 there were one hundred and twenty-nine deaths, and the year now fast ebbing away took with it one hundred and forty-seven souls, an increase of eighteen over the preceding year. Life and death are so intimately associated that it seems almost impossible to separate them. Life is death, and death is life; and the departure of man from one sphere into the other is but the closing of the eyes to sleep. The world is full of farewells; the grave closes over hundreds of earth's dearest loved and best and we go on our way eating and drinking, and the places which have known them know them no more forever. Alas! if there is aught on earth which should subdue pride, which should make man feel that the rich and poor meet together, it is the grave. It is there resentment, dlss—revenge and ambition are satisfied.

So young and fair, yet they have gone,
E'en taken with them hope and love;
No more they'll stir at the stage below,
They sleep on earth, but smile above.

Ashton, Amelia, Cornell, N. Y., Aug. 13.
Almond, Mrs., Margate, Eng., April 13.
Blake, G. W., Jersey, Eng., Aug. 3.
Brooke, Jas., Yorkshire, Eng., July 21.
Bolton, Geo., London, May 26.
Booth, Mrs. Rachel, Walworth, Eng., Oct. 5.
Barton, Nellie, London, May 8.
Barnes, Wm. Aug., London, May 17.
Booth, Junius, London, Dec. 30, 1867.
Batty, Wm., London, Feb. 7.
Bertram, Alex., Falkirk, Dec. 17, 1867.
Burnett, Sally, New York, May 28.
Benedict, Fanny, Calcutta, May 31.
Bryant, John, London, July 4.
Brooks, Mrs. Merton, London, June 11.
Cramer, Mary H., Morrisania, N. Y., May 30.
Chaney, Wm., Manchester, Eng., July 23.
Coyne, Sterling, London, July 20.
Cooke, Mary Ann, Wimbledon, Eng., April 14.
Caligne, T., New York, May 23.
Camois, Mad., Italy, August.
Chapman, W., Brighton, Eng., Sept. 3.
Collins, Laura, Liverpool, Jan. 23.
Collier, J. W., London, Feb. 18.
Cowell, Wm., Philadelphia, Feb. 24.
Collins, Hubert, London, June 11.
Christy, George, New York, May 12.
Cooper, Wm., Brighton, Eng., Nov. 20.
Cruse, Dashwood Annie, Eng., Oct. 23.
Carey, Harriet, Northampton, Eng., Nov. 18.
De Bonnaire, M., Madrid, Aug. 6.
De Vere, Chas., San Francisco, July 7.
Davis, Mrs. H., Newcastle, England, April 21.
Dickens, Fred. Wm., Darlington, England, Oct.
Day, James, Galveston, Texas, Jan. 21.
De Antonio, Sig. Pietro, at sea, Nov.
Davis, Wm., St. Louis, Mo., July 1.
Draper, Henry, Providence, R. I., Aug. 3.
Ernst, Philip, Morrisania, Aug. 4.
Edeson, Marion, Fitzroy, London, Dec. 8.
Fenton, Harry, Chatham, England, Aug. 5.
Fitzpatrick, Emma, London, March 25.
Forbes, W. C., Williamsburg, April 14.
Forrest, W. S., Brooklyn, Dec. 23.
Foote, Maria, London, Dec. 21, 1867.
Fortuna, Sig., Lima, S. A., June.
Fisher, Kate, Wigan, England, March 21.
Fisher, John R., Rochester, N. Y., May 31.
Glies, John, London, March 23.
Genobly, R. F., Houston, Texas, July 7.
Gates, James, London, June 30.
Gilbert, W. G., Sussex, England, Oct. 3.
Goodman, Q. S., New York, April 8.
Gilbert, Hiram, at sea, Sept.
Glover, Thad. B., New York, Nov. 4.
Goodsell, Comfort, Bridgeport, Feb. 8.
Gannon, Mary, New York, Feb. 22.
Gaudichal, Guissep, New York, Jan. 7.
Gallagher, Denny, Philadelphia, Nov. 22.
Hear, Robert, Australia, Feb. 29.
Hammond, Jessie, Liverpool, Sept. 23.
Hah-Yah-Ia-Koe, New York, Feb. 8.
Hamilton, W. B., London, Eng., Dec. 8.
Haydin, Kate, Louisville, Ky., Oct. 30.
Hayne, Julia Dean, New York, March 6.
Hogber, Edwin, London, Dec. 7, 1867.
Hartley, Wm., London, Nov. 6.
Hanlon, Thomas, Harrisburg, Pa., April 5.
Harris, Mrs., London, Nov. 22.
Herd, Alice, Indianapolis, Oct. 12.
Jamison, Geo., Yonkers, Oct. 3.
Johnson, Sarah A., New York, May 28.
Jamison, W. L., New York, Nov. 9.
Jack, Mrs. John, New York, June 28.
Japuna Tommy, Yokohama, Oct.
Kincade, Billy, Baltimore, Dec. 27.
Kean, Charles, London, Eng., Jan. 22
Lupo, Giovanni, New York, July 17.
Lacoste, Anna, New York, July 6.
Lover, Samuel, Jersey, Eng., July 6.
Lamareux, Edith, New Orleans, Aug. 1.
Lester, George, Australia, July 15.
Ledebar, John, Mobile, Ala., July 3.
Lehman, Christian, San Francisco, Aug. 28.
Lacombe, M., Paris, Nov.
Lowell, Reuben, New Orleans, April 22.
Lehman, Anna, at sea, August.
Lake, Alice, drowned at sea, Dec. 28, 1867.
McClannin, Euphemia, Boston, Aug. 26.
Mifflman, Henry H., London, Oct.
McCreary, John, San Francisco, May 24.
Millward, John, Richmond, Va., April 28.
Mitchell, Edith, Buffalo, April.
Menken, Adah, Paris, Aug. 11.
Marston, Trissy, London, Nov. 4.
Newcomb, John D., Boston, Feb. 25.
Norton, John T., Philadelphia, Jan. 24.
Nash, Miss, Newcastle, England, April 27.
O'Neil, Billy, Australia, Aug. 5.
Phillips, Mrs. J. B., Paterson, N. J., Aug. 18.
Pratt, Joseph, Exeter, Eng., May 13.
Pearl, Emma, Milwaukee April 19.
Parkin, T. P., Oswestry, Eng., May 3.
Pearle, Thomas, Edinburgh, Aug. 26.
Parsonage, John, Sheffield, Eng., Sept. 3.
Pope, Wm. C., Indianapolis, Jan. 1.
Peak, Lizette, Cleveland, April 8.
Petrie, Wm., Mobile, Ala., March 8.
Ravel, James, Cuba, March 31.
Reimer, A., Montreal, Sept. 28.
Richardson, Mrs., Glasgow, Oct. 21.
Rossini, Gioacchino, Paris, Nov. 14.
Romani, Dominico, New York, Feb. 13.
Roddy, John, Galesburg, Ind., Aug. 3.
Read, Flora, Louisville, Ky., July 22.
Romer, Emma, Margate, Eng., April 13.
Reed, Mrs. Dave, New York, Feb. 27.
Robertson, Kate, Brecon, Eng., Nov. 25.
Smith, Fanny, Birmingham, March 30.
Shiman, Wm., Cincinnati, Oct. 9.
Shields, Mrs. W. D., Lumberton, Oct. 2.
Sears, Geo. W., Augusta, Ill., March 28.
Sefton, John, New York, Sept. 19.
Saphio, Antonio, Chester, Eng., May 6.
Siever, Mary Jane, Scarborough, Eng., July 25.
Sedgwick, Mrs., London, Nov. 23.
Thorp, Andrew F., New Bedford, April 19.
Thompson, Clinton, Fruit Grove, N. Y., April 1.
Thompson, Wm. C., Memphis, Aug. 16.
Tracy, Dora, San Francisco, Feb. 16.
Taglioni, Salvator, Naples, Oct.
Voy, Lawrence, Birmingham, March 30.
Von Zarboni, Resina, St. Louis, Oct. 11.
Vining, Mary, London, Jan. 20.
Vincent, Chas., Australia, May 19.
Widdicomb, Harry, London, April 6.
Walcot, G. M., Sen., Philadelphia, May 13.
Wylie, David R., Washington, June 8.
White, Felix B., San Francisco, Feb. 16.
Watson, John, Darlington, Eng., Dec. 16, 1867.
Ward, Artemus, Southampton, Eng., March 7, 1867.
Western, Helen, Washington, Dec. 11.
Winans, De Witt, New York, Oct. 9.
Winans, Mrs De Witt, New York, Dec. 19.
Wilder, Samuel, New Ipswich, N. H., May 5.
Yarnold, Mrs. E., London, Dec. 26, 1867.
Zuccoli, Josephine, Havana, Oct. 30.

City Summary.

MONDAY, Dec. 28, '68.

The city has scarcely recovered from its Christmas dissipation, its gormandizing, and the various etceteras that help to make up our holiday enjoyment; yet here we are on the jumping off place of an old year, ready to welcome the new one soon to dawn upon us, and carry us—where? Through what joys, and pains? Who can tell? We part with the outgoing year with many sighs of regret, for though all has not been of a roseate hue during the twelvemonth just closing, nevertheless we have had our good periods, our hours of happiness and prosperity, with light breaking through many a dark and gloomy cloud, showing us the brilliant scenes beyond, and pointing the way to a hopeful future. Farewell to the old and worn out year, and a hearty welcome to the new. Let us do honor, in verse, to the youthful stranger;

1869.

"Ring up the curtain! 'Tis the prompter's call,
Obedient to the manager's behest;
For the beginning straightway summon all,
Who, on this night, at least, must do their best."
Why so? It may be asked. Because, good friends,
A brand new piece is put upon the stage,
In which the passions of our nature blend;
Love with dire hate, and peace along with rage;
And up the curtain goes—the music ceasing
While those who have to play their parts appear;
The interest of the audiors increasing,
To culminate in what—a smile or tear?

Acts five the play consists of, and in each
Are many scenes, all of their proper hue,
And many persons, who alternate teach
Sentiments unto our common nature true;
And many, too, the changes that occur,
Followed by the mind of the denizens in front,
By bringing them directly to the brunt,
The dramatist evolves. So on to the end,
When the new play itself adjudg'd shall be—
What 'tis and to what moral it doth tend—
And of its people we shall speak quite free.

Just in like sense, we wait and watch the year
Succeeding many others in its dawn,
And thro' its course, sometimes with hope, then fear;
So on, until we hail the next new born;
For is our year, as on the stage, there pass
In different hued array, a mighty crowd,
Just as the Nine kings did before the glass
Held up to Macbeth, when he stood low bow'd
Thro' the fast fading of the charm that had
Allured him onward to direful grief and ill,
Only to realise ambition mad,
And then his cup of horrors to o'erfill.

A few hours hence, and not the prompter's voice,
But one far mightier, shall be heard to say,
"Ring up the curtain!" and lo! shall then commence
The year whose ending we may never see.
Who'll be most prominent upon its stage?
What the events that are to mark its day?
What its account on the historic page?
The people and the plan in it will have a way?
'Tis vain to ask. Let us then wait what naught
But time itself can satisfy, e'en as an audience wait,
Thro' the play—scenes with many meanings fraught,
For the development of dramatic fate.

.....Talking about the theatres, some evil-disposed person—who has been jilted, probably, by one of the fair sex—suggests that if "all the world's a *stage*," woman must supply the *tongue!*.....We have heard it rumored that one of our "most first" eminent actors on the stage is shortly to lead to the hymenial altar the daughter of one of our "most wealthiest" codfish merchants. But was it the eyes of the lovely fair? Was it her lips, or mouth, or hair, or her sweet face like a cherubim? Which one of these that conquered him? No! it was none—it was none of those; but what it was we will now disclose; not her eyes or her lips; he was not so rash; nor her mouth or hair—it was only her cash!.....Surely may it be said of the circus people of this festive season of the year that, with all their *faults*, we love them still.

.....The worst wish that we can bestow upon the minstrels is that they make their calls on New Year's day; that they may not be troubled with *gags*.....Young gentlemen from the country who visit the metropolis on New Year's day to see the sights try who visit the metropolis on New Year's day to see the sights of this big town, must be cautious how they grope their way along, for there are many pitfalls into which they may unconsciously tumble, and lose their pocket-books, if not their lives. Listen to a sad tale of what befel an unfortunate youth who came to New York on Christmas day:—

THE COUNTRY YOUTH'S EXPERIENCE.

He came to the city, a country youth,
As green as green could be,
And he opened those gaping eyes of his
To see what he could see.

He met a damsel young and fair,
Whose way she said she'd lost;
And her listening to the story she told
His silver watch it cost.

He tackled the tiger, tall and all;
He sought him in his lair;
And cost beat again of his greenbacks, which
He could but ill spare.

He saw a stranger a pocket book
Pick up at his feet, and he said
It was his—'twas full of drafts and bills—
And to him more greenbacks paid.

And he purchased a glittering watch and chain,
Which was "warranted first class;"
But the chain it was copper galvanized,
And the watch it was made of brass.

He had him away to Water street,
To join in the festive game,
And a mailed prigged his bosom pin
As she gave him an amorous glance.

And when, with a painted angel he
Retired that night to rest,
Through a panel, conveniently cut in the wall,
They stole his coat and vest.

And when in the morning he raised a row,
With oaths we dare not repeat,
They took him, hoodless and hairless, too,
And kicked him into the street.

Then he took the early morning train,
With a notion, vague and dim,
That the country, and not the metropolis,
Was, in future, the place for him.

.....Talking about the first appearance of the New Year on any stage reminds us of another first appearance in a different line. A seedy individual, who imagined himself to be a born tragedian, was incessant in his applications to one of our managers to permit him to appear in "Hamlet," promising all sorts of crowded houses for his benefit. On being coaxed not what the *character* was, so that it was in "Hamlet," for his genius was sure to be recognised the moment he appeared. The manager, tormented by the embryo Booth, finally told him that he would let him play in "Hamlet" if he would take the character he, the manager, would set for him. Of course he consented, and with feelings of joy made his appearance promptly at the theatre. "You are to play Marshal Stork," said the manager. "Marshal Stork in 'Hamlet,'" repeated the aspirant, "there is no such character." "Yes, but there is," said the manager; "you get a French Field Marshal's uniform from the wardrobe, and I'll show you where Marshal Stork comes in." Doubtful, nevertheless the coming tragedian donned the uniform and appeared before the manager. "I cannot find the character in the book," said the youth. "Give me the book," replied the manager, and then turning over the leaves until he came to the ghost's first entrance, "there," said he, "don't you see? You come in with the ghost, where it says, 'Enter ghost with *martial stalk*.'" That was the amateur's first and last appearance; disgusted, he left the theatre, and may now be seen at Washington Market selling clams.....Christmas plays hob with a teller, don't it? "Our Jim" is still observing Christmas, but where no one can tell. The last we saw of Jim was the Monday before Christmas, when, about leaving the office, he removed his cap, and took out a half-brick therefrom. In answer to our astonished inquiry, he mournfully explained that his girl told him that she did'nt want him any *longer*, so he was bound he wouldn't grow any taller.....We begin to think that the opera bouffe of "Blue Beard" is very properly named, because there are so many 'airs in it.....Christmas makes a good deal of pleasure in families, but occasionally it makes some troubles. Now there was Wheelbank, the comedian; he had played often and late that day, and he had slightly indulged in the rippling ruby. Going home at an unseemly hour of the morning, he was unable to find the key-hole, so he commenced to bang away at the door like a shred man. At last a window was raised, and a timid female voice was heard:—"Why, is that you Tommy? I thought *somebody was trying to get in!*" "So I am," responded Tommy, "and you better come down d——n quick, or I'll bust the door in." She came down, and somebody got in.....With the beginning of the New Year the ball season may be regarded as fairly inaugurated, and among all classes, from the denizens of Upper-Tenderloin to the population of Rag Fair, Terpsichore, fairest of the Muses, will rear her shrine, which her votaries will strew with garlands. While a huge proportion of our people have been increasing in gaiety with each succeeding year, there has, meanwhile, been growing up among us a class heretofore regarded as indigenous to Paris, and familiarly known by the generic title, the *demi monde*. The term is so little understood here as yet that all sorts of wild conjectures have been harbored regarding it, but it may be defined at random as applying to that portion of a community which, possessing the tastes and capacities for enjoyment which inspire its more wealthy rivals, imitates after its own fashion, and to the best of its ability—sometimes with "improvemen's"—the follies of the exclusive privileged class, and, in a more charitable spirit, does not deny that others shall take part in its festivals. It is holiday night, and by some mysterious chance, we find ourself a "looker-on in Venice." For the original *Jardin Mabille* we have the spacious mock-suburb one of the most popular music halls of the city, and for a *chef d'orchestre* one who has shared the triumphs of the leading *maestros* of the day. You may be sure there was no lack of merriment there! And perhaps there may have been places in town where there was less enjoyment, with all the pretensions, than among these ornate belles and ruffling gallards, the liveliest samples from the land of Cockaigne. Talk of dress! There never was anything possible or impossible in the way of invention, that one may not gaze upon here; for, look you, most of the costumes were fashioned by the taper fingers of the wearers, who would be loth to tell you how many hair waists their own handiwork has encircled. They are the busy bees of the *modistes'* establishments, and if, at times, they exhibit a trifle more of freedom in manner than comports with strict conventionality, let us attribute it to pure lightness of heart, akin to that which animates the favored of fortune, with a more natural and less constrained measure of utterance. As for the looks of the thing, you might select the most densely crowded *soiree* in the more select localities, and, ten to one, the decision would be in favor of our friends of the *demi monde*. Here, spindle waists and pallid cheeks are at a decided discount; there is no physical decrepitude in those supple joints, nor trace of prudery in those graceful motions, which seem to have been framed expressly to afford the freest scope to those elastic limbs, which even the dancers of the stage might emulate. Jewels! They are here in extravagant profusion, less costly, perhaps, than those worn by their upper crust competitors, but answering a purpose as useful, to say the least. In point of modesty our nymphs of the ball room have decidedly the advantage, for here the nude style is at a decided discount, a few bare arms, more or less, being nothing to the purpose; and here, be it said, the rows see, about which so much has been written, finds neither friends nor favor. That sprightly measure, which is erroneously supposed to have originated with the lively Parisians, is too readily recognised here as the original war dance of the martial Kickapoos, from whom it was borrowed by our western brethren for the groundwork of the famous "Stagtown Hornpipe," being next initiated by the people of another section for their "Virginny Breakdown," and finally parodied by the Shaking Quakers, who made a lamentable *fiasco* in the attempt. We will match the dancing and behavior of our *demi monde* against that of the more brilliant circles of wealth and fashion. Here comes Jemmy Jessamy—a youth who fills some unaspiring position in the great human hive, but who is so gorgeously gotten up on this occasion, his best friends would not know him. No knock kneed scion of aristocracy about him—no hollow chest or padded contour; sound wind and gristle, and just the gallant to suit the views of the most exacting belle in the room. It is worth something to observe the air of chivalry with which he leads his partner out to dance, or gives her his arm for a promenade to the supper, which is supposed to mark a half way stage of the entertainment. These, it is true, are not our only specimens. There, for instance, is young Fastman, who regards the entire affair as a precious frolic, and goes out to drink between every set, stumbles over people's toes, gets entangled in camoline, and creates confusion among the women and disgust among the men. But as this is a free country, we should like to see the ball-room from which *he* is excluded. Take it for all in all, if our object were simply to study costume, we might give the fashionable *salons* the preference, but if what we seek is hearty, unalloyed enjoyment—the object for which this season was especially created—let us devote a few hours of our leisure to our friends of the *demi monde*, satisfied that, at least, they will treat us handsomely, and that, whatever the upshot of an evening's merry-making with them, we shall at any rate have no cause to complain.

TONY PASTOR afforded his patrons considerable amusement the past week at his Opera House in the Bowery, the vehicle through which much of it was given being the comic pantomime of "Hickety Pickety, My Black Hen." In the introduction, J. W. Collier, G. Warren, Frank Kerns, Helene Smith and Addie Le Brun served to fill up the time previous to the harlequinade very acceptably, after which J. W. Collier as Clown, Kerns as Pantaloon, Conners as Harlequin, and Helene Smith as Columbine, monopolized the fun to themselves, although the entire company appeared in many ludicrous scenes, and helped to amuse crowded audiences every evening, for the Opera House was crowded every night the past week. Previous to the pantomime Amy Bronk appeared in serio comic songs, and was well received. Frank Dillon, a late arrival from Hingland, appeared in comic sketches and songs, and made his changes very quickly. He is a good serio comic singer, but in localizing his songs and speaking of Broadway he should quit mentioning pounds instead of dollars. Johnny Thompson and George Warren appeared in various Ethiopian acts, each one of which was heartily encored. Miss Alice Somers is making rapid progress in the profession, and is one of the favorites of this establishment. She is now up in clog and jig dancing, goes in the *ballet* and farces for small parts, and executes an Irish lilt in a pleasing manner, being encored nearly every evening and sometimes a double encore.

FANNY ROSA appears at the Academy of Music on Jan. 8th, assisted by her concert troupe, consisting of J. Levy, cornet; Brookhouse Bowler, tenor; M. Ferranti, Carl Rosa and Mr. Colby

"AFTER DARK" continues to be the attraction at Niblo's Garden. On Dec. 21st, a new drop curtain was unrolled for the first time to the public view at the termination of the first act. It is by Marston, of "Black Crook" notoriety, and is a beautiful work of scenic art. In an illuminated circle in the centre of the drop, America is represented presiding over the useful and ornamental arts, figured in the persons and employments of a group of cupids. Heavy draperies surround this in confusion. At the base is a portrait of Shakespeare.

BARRY CANTER, comic vocalist, sailed for California by the steamer of Dec. 24th.

AN EXPLOSION of gas in the vault in front of the Olympic Theatre took place on the evening of Dec. 26, just before the doors were opened for the evening performance. The gas escaped into the vaults under the sidewalk, and was set on fire by a gasman employed in the theatre, who entered the vault with a torch. The ventilators on the sidewalk were immediately opened and the gas was allowed to escape and burn away, so as to prevent an explosion. The Gas Company were at once notified, and a gang of laborers were soon at work digging up the pavement to discover and repair the leak. The theatre was opened and the performance went on as usual. As a precautionary measure, Captain Garland, of the Fourteenth Precinct, stationed a number of men about the auditorium of the theatre to prevent a panic, should there be occasion to dismiss the audience before the close of the performance.

KELLY AND LEON'S MINSTRELS present this evening and during the week a burlesque on "Genevieve de Brabant," entitled "Gin-Ne-Vave de Graw," in which Leon will imitate Rosa Bell as Drogan. A matinee will be given on New Year's day. On the evening of Jan. 2, Edwin Kelly takes a benefit.

WORK is going on at the Theatre Comique, and it is thought that it will be ready for opening by Jan. 16. The difficulty about the insurance having been all settled, work was commenced on Dec. 23, and on Dec. 26 the scaffolding was put up for repairing the dome. On the 28th a large force of workmen were put in the building to push forward its completion as fast as possible.

THE TAMMANY.—This new place of public amusement, which is announced to be opened under the directorship of Leonard Grover this week, will mark a new era in the show business of America, there never before having been attempted anything to equal it in this country on so extensive a scale. The style of entertainment to be presented at the Tammany will be similar to that presented at the Alhambra, London, yet while the same kind of a performance will be given in London on the stage will be followed here, the scene in the auditorium will be entirely different. There, the establishment has a main floor with tables, where all classes sit smoking and drinking during the performances. Here, the auditorium will be fitted up precisely like a theatre, and no smoking or drinking will be permitted. The present undertaking has been made by Messrs. Palmer and Jarrett, managers of Niblo's Garden, who have secured a lease of Tammany Hall building for a term of years at a rental of $25,000, and have expended over $50,000 in fitting it up for the purpose intended. With the exception of a small room used by the Tammany Association and Bryants' Minstrel Hall, they occupy the entire building. The hall or stage, used by the Convention last July, is the theatre proper, fitted up with stage at the north end, parquet, parquet circle and gallery and thirty private boxes. The stage is forty feet wide between the proscenium—the largest in this country—forty-five feet deep and one hundred feet wide from wall to wall. The seats in the parquet and parquet circle are similar to those used at Niblo's. On the second floor, under the theatre, is a bar room, sixty by thirty feet, where liquors of every description may be obtained; also lunch counters. On the same floor is the *Cafe*, where hot suppers will be served, also ice creams and delicacies of the season. A feature of this *salon* will be furnishing coffee *a la Turke*. Another saloon, ornamented in Turkish style and with divans around the room, will be devoted to smoking and chatting. On the lower floor is the principal bar room, furnished with liquors of every description and all the celebrated English ales. The large saloons on the first floor will be used as bazaars, where fancy articles of every description can be purchased. On the basement story is the promenade hall, ninety by thirty-three feet, where a band of music will wile away the hours for those who wish to promenade during the acts. In another saloon will be presented a Punch and Judy performance, to please the rising generation. In the basement is an oyster saloon fitted up in style, and where you can get them on the half shell or cooked. The kitchen is below stairs and will be under the direction of experienced men. A reading room, where all the leading papers of the world can be seen, as well as a cable telegraph office, will be attractive features of the establishment. Fifty cents will be the general admission and one dollar for reserved seats. The house will close at twelve o'clock. The company engaged for the opening is as follows:—Signorina Adalgisa Monti, *prima donna* (first appearance in America); Robert Green, baritone (first appearance in America); Henry Ellard, tenor; Albert Stonvenant, basso; Wm. Fletcher, basso profundo; Masters Henry Whiting, James Hurlbut, Vincent Ludlow, Hiram Bellows, Franklin Barnes, George Cleveland, G. Smith, David McKenna, William Henderson, Horace Beitty, James Walters, Clinton Walters, Henry Cassiday, Lewis Hart, Horatio Nelson and John Ferguson, Alice Harrison, The Dashwood Sisters—Emily and Lizzie—Bessie Ludlow, Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Love, Ben Maginley and Frederick Kent, who comprise the musical and dramatic portion. In the terpsichorean department are Marie Bonfanti, Emma Clarke (first appearance in America), Lizzie Kenney, Sallie Waldcox, the Lascelle Sisters, Jose Strandel, Kate Hastings, Miller, Caroline, Gabrielle, Pete, Jessamina, Amelia, Rose Hosgood; Alice McLean, Lillie Whiting, Mary Colson, Emma Schell, Laura West, Miles, Malvina, Elise, Saxe, Carrier and others. Mons. Carlo Carl will be *maitre de ballet*. In the pantomime company will be James H. Maffitt, as Clown; William Bartholomew, as Pantaloon; Henri Ravel, as Harlequin, and Marie Remond, as Columbine (her first appearance in America). In the variety business are Ernee Clarke, comic vocalist; Barry Sheridan and Johnny Mack, clog dancers; Keane and Mme. Senrich, trapeze performers; the brothers Victorellis, William, Matthew and Antoine, gymnasts, and Christian Hartz. The Punch and Judy show will be under the direction of Manly and Brewer. There will be a panorama of Scotland unrolled; also Roberts' magic tableaux. Another novelty will be the Berlin Orchestrian, also a full orchestra, consisting of twenty-three musicians, under the leadership of Sig. G. Operti, his first appearance in America. There will also be a promenade orchestra of nine musicians. The opening performances will consist of the National Anthem, sung by Robert Green and the entire company, followed by an address written by A. Oakey Hall. After dancing and singing comes an extravaganza by H. B. Farnie, entitled "The Page's Revel, or the Summer's Night Bivouac," introducing the dramatic company. More dancing and singing follows, and then a parody on "After Dark," called "After Dusk," in which Mr. and Mrs. Val. Love will appear. The Senyahs follow in a trapeze act, after which the pantomimists give "Nicodemus," followed by dancing, and the Victorelli Brothers and Gets' allegorical scene of "Birth of the New Year," the performance closing with the singing of the Star Spangled Banner by brass and string band. In the promenade room will be seen Robert's Magic Tableaux, a panorama of Scotland, the Berlin Orchestrian, performances on the velocipede by B. Parker, and the Punch and Judy show, besides a regular promenade concert. The officers of this institution are Manager, Palmer and Jarrett; director, Leonard Grover; treasurer, G. H. Chatterton; ticket seller, George Wood; advertising agent, Dr. R. F. Jones; assistant treasurer, W. H. Harrison; business manager, Arthur Mabury; master of wardrobe, S. W. Laureys; head usher, Alexander Wharton, and conductor of madrigals, Dwight Shrington.

THE NEW YORK CIRCUS management produced on Dec. 21st, the comic pantomime of "Blue Beard" in addition to the regular equestrian and gymnastic performances, all of which were presented in the charmed sawdust circle. The pantomime has been gotten up expressly for the holidays and in a manner that should warrant a better support at the patronage for several weeks. It is full of comic tricks and most ludicrous situations, and every one in the cast tries to outdo the other in causing the most fun. The best tricks of a dozen pantomimes have been introduced, making it just the kind of an entertainment that will please all lovers of amusement, from the child just commencing to talk to he who is fast approaching to the sere and yellow leaf. H. B. Williams makes a good Bustifasti, while Nat Austin as "Blue Beard," afterwards Clown, keeps the audience in a roar of laughter over his foolish antics. Charley Sherwood as Pantaloon, Sen. F. Sargine as Harlequin and Vivo Farrand as Columbine, were respectively good. This pantomime went through a curtailing after the first performance, which was rather lengthy, and now passes off very smoothly. Business was very good all the past week, matinees being given every day and will be continued all this week.

W. J. HILL of the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool, Eng., arrived in this city during the past week, under engagement to the Lydia Thompson burlesque troupe.

THE OLYMPIC had two crowded houses on Christmas Day and evening, the receipts being larger than any other establishment in the city, and "Humpty Dumpty" was in the best possible humor. During the past week a burlesque railroad scene was introduced in the last act, in the skating scene, which caused roars of laughter, particularly when the party laid across the track is raised up just in time for the train to pass between his legs. It is a ludicrous scene. Mr. Clifton Tayleure, the business manager, severs his connection with this establishment with the close of the current week, and proceeds to Paris for novelties for Pike's Opera House. He will be succeeded at the Olympic by Mr. Dan Symons, a gentleman who, in the capacity of manager and actor, has traveled extensively all over the world, and who, the past year, has been associated with Joe Jefferson during his engagements since his return from Australia. Mr. Symons is a thorough gentleman in all the ins and outs of show life, both before and behind the curtain, and will, no doubt, with his abilities, continue to make the Olympic the leading theatre of this city.

"BONE SQUASH DIABLO" continues to be the great attraction offered by the San Francisco Minstrels, which has been produced with all the original music in a manner that sends the audience away every evening with beaming countenances. The Prince of Wales are presenting a good programme in minstrelsy.

MESSRS. HOLLAND AND RICHARDS, the clever song and dance performers at Bryants' Minstrels, were each presented with a gold headed cane lately, handed them from the private box one evening during the performance.

THE WORRELL SISTERS, finding the burlesque of "Barbe Bleue" hardly long enough for an evening's amusement, have concluded to give in conjunction with it, all this week, the burlesque of "Belle Helene." The burlesque of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," which has been in active preparation for several weeks, is announced for Jan. 4th.

THE LYDIA THOMPSON TROUPE open at Niblo's Garden on Feb. 9th in the burlesque of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold."

THE ELLEN HOLT burlesque troupe will shortly appear at a Broadway theatre, under the management of Harry Wall.

WILLIAM SMITH, the retired champion bone soloist continues confined to his room, suffering great pain from his fractured arm. Some of his friends are busily engaged trying to get a suitable theatre for an afternoon benefit.

THAT BONE SOLO CHAMPIONSHIP!—It will be remembered that Joe Mack, an Ethiopian comedian, offered to play any man in the country for the championship. In reply, Mr. Hicks, manager of the Georgia Minstrels, stated that he was prepared to put up from $100 to $1,000, and upwards, that George Danforth, a member of his troupe, could beat Mack, and stated that he would be at this office on Dec 23d, at two o'clock, prepared to make the match. He did appear promptly on the day mentioned, and after waiting half an hour past the appointed time, left, but had not been gone five minutes when Mack appeared and stated that he would play only a white man, when he left. Hicks wishes us to state that he is prepared to back Danforth against any man living for the championship, for from $100 to $1,000. We would state that although called a colored man, Mr. Danforth is in color as white as most minstrel performers, and we think it a lame excuse of Mr. Mack's.

JEROME & EDWARD LUBIN, magical apparatus manufacturers, of No. 559 Broadway, have an advertisement in another column.

KATE NEWTON is again on the sick list, having been prevented all the past week from appearing in the "Emerald Ring" at the Broadway Theatre. It is said that she commenced playing too soon after her former severe spell of sickness.

"ERNANI, OR THE HORN OF A DILEMMA," is announced for production this evening at Wood's Museum by the Lydia Thompson troupe, who are as attractive now as when they first appeared in this city. Lydia Thompson will play Ernani, said to have been personated by her for one hundred times in England. Pretty and vivacious Lisa Weber is in the cast, also W. J. Hill, who makes his *debut* in America on this occasion. The farce of "The Quiet Family" will precede the burlesque.

MR. TAYLEURE expects to leave for Europe early in January in search of novelties for Pike's Opera House, of which he is manager. It is his intention to open with the spectacle of "The Tempest," gotten up in magnificent style, with a powerful cast, including E. L. Davenport and Mr. Davidge.

THE BRYANTS' MINSTRELS continue at their hall in Fourteenth street, but it is thought by many that the opening of the Tammany will seriously injure them. Whether this will be so or not time will tell. For the current week they present a good bill, including the burlesque of "Genevieve de Bryant," which is one of the greatest hits produced by a minstrel band for a long time. Eugene's burlesque of "Il True-Bad-Doer" is also to be given.

HATTIE THORNE sailed for California on Dec. 24th.

AN APPEAL TO THE PROFESSION.—William N. Smith, well known as the champion bone player, is at present in this city confined to his bed with inflammation of the lungs, and is in destitute circumstances. He makes an appeal to his brother professionals throughout the country for assistance. All who wish to contribute—be it ever so small—should do it at once. His address is 191 Mott street, between Spring and Broome streets, this city. Anything sent to our care will reach him.

TOOTEN—Bateman's right bower of attraction at Pike's Opera House met with an accident during the early part of the past week, causing her withdrawal from the footlights for some time. The *role* of Roland in "Les Bavards" was taken by Mlle. Irma. On Jan. 4th "La Perichole" will be produced.

GRAU announces a change next week at the French Theatre, when Herve's opera of "L'Oeil Creve" will be presented.

Dramatic.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC is the name of a new place of public amusement just erected in Montreal, at the southwest corner of Craig and St. Peter streets. On St. Peter street, which is fifty feet in

After Dark" was to be produced, including the railroad scene.

THE DRAMATIC COMPANY, under the management of T. Charles Howar , performed in Taunton and New Bedford, Mass., the past week, and were in Concord, N. H., on Dec. 25th, Manchester 26 h and 28th, and Nashua 29th.

AT THE BOSTON MUSEUM, this week, Louisa Mevers takes a benefit on Dec. 29 h, and on Jan. 1st L. R. Shewell puts forth his claims

J. H. HACKETT is at the Boston Theatre this week.

AT THE HOLLIDAY STREET THEATRE, Baltimore, "After Dark" having proved successful the past week, is to be continued the current week. The piece is said to run smoothly, and the several characters are acceptably filled by the members of the company.

AT THE OLYMPIC, St. Louis, Mo., "A Midsummer Night's Dream" continued the at raction the past week. On Dec. 24th Wilde Young took a benefit. Next week "Humpty Dumpty" will be the attraction.....On Dec. 19th Lotta gave for her farewell benefit "Captain Charlotte," "Pocahontas" and "Nan the Good for Nothing." On the 19th Rogers had for his benefit "Too much for Good Nature," "Jack Sheppard" and the Crib scene from "Tom and Jerry."..... De Bar's stock opened at Bedalia in "Hamlet." with Chaplin as Hamlet and Miss Pennover as Ophelia..... The Richings English Opera Troupe opened at De Bar's on Dec. 21st with "Martha," followed on the 22d by "Bohemian Girl," 23d, "Il Trovatore," and 24th, "Fra Diavolo." On the 25th, Christmas, Mrs. C. R. Bernard took a benefit, and gave "Crown Diamonds." On the 26th "Crispino and the Fairy."

THE ELIZE HOLT BURLESQUE COMPANY, brought to this country by Harry Wall, made their American *debut* at the Olympic, Boston, on Dec. 21st, in the burlesque of "Lucretia Borgia," and have made a marked impression.

"DOT" is presented this week at Selwyn's Theatre, Boston; also a burlesque entitled "An Hour with Forty Thieves."

MAX MARETZEK commences a season of Italian Opera at the Boston Theatre on Jan. 4 h.

HARRY ROBINSON has just closed a successful engagement at the Olympic Theatre, New Orleans. He goes from there to the New Varieties, Memphis.

Negro Minstrelsy.

"JACK AND GILL," the pantomime produced by Carneross and Dixey's minstrels, for the holidays, in Philadelphia, has so far attracted large audiences. It will run for some time.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS will be in Rochester, N. Y., on Dec. 31st and Jan. 1st.

CHARLEY MORRIS' MINSTRELS perform in Syracuse, N. Y., on Jan. 1st. The company were in Seneca Falls on Dec. 24th.

JOSEPH SOMERS, theatrical boot and shoe maker, who advertises in another column, is prepared to furnish the profession with work executed in the best style.

THE PEAK AND BERGER FAMILIES BELL RINGERS perform in Delaware, Ohio, on Dec. 28th and 29th; Urbana, 30th and 31st, and Piqua, Jan. 1st and 2d. W. Wells Fowler is advance agent.

SIG. GIRARD, the harpist, formerly of the Carter Zouave Troupe, joined the Breban Swiss Bell Ringers lately.

BRERAN'S BELL RINGERS were to be at Kansas City, Mo., on Christmas, and go thence to Leavenworth, Kansas.

M. HAWS, magician, opens a three nights' stay in Pittsburgh, Pa., on Dec. 28th.

A BUSINESS MAN with a little money can invest in the show business by applying to Yankee Robinson, who advertises in another column.

SOL. SMITH RUSSELL is still with the Peak and Berger Families. Annie Berger has made a hit in the Lingard business.

WYMAN, the Wizard, opened a nine nights' stay in Newark, N. J., on Dec. 24th.

THE BURNETT AND TAYLOR COMBINATION appeared in Indianapolis, Ind., on Dec. 21st and 22d.

THE CONTINENTAL VOCALISTS now consist of the following members:—J. W. Smith, Alex. S. Willard, Ed. M. Kerr, Mrs. Ed. M. Kerr, L. L. Ross, and Frank Lamb. Mrs. Kerr, late pupil of Mad. Brinkerhoff, is creating quite a *furore* among the western people by her singing.

ROLLIN HOWARD, who has been ill twenty-six days at the Phillips' House, Dayton, Ohio, unable to perform, has withdrawn from Haverly's Minstrels and joined Cool Burgess' Minstrels at Williamsport, Dec. 23d, appearing in "The Gay Young Swell" and "That's my Sister."

A PARTY calling themselves Peel and Clifton's Minstrels and Combination put in an appearance at Town Hall, Arlington, Mass. on Dec. 19th, and made a failure. The party consisted of Billy Bacon, Jack Myers, and Little Edna. There were about fifteen dollars in the house. The performance commenced at quarter before eight, and the boys washed up and were on the road to Boston at half past eight. Myers, the "funny," left suddenly with his valise, but, he was assured being assured should be paid, he made his appearance as Capt. Jinks. "I think," says a correspondent, "that had it not been for the respect the audience had for Little Edna, the party would have got cleaned out."

THE EMERSON, ALLEN AND MANNING MINSTRELS were at Piqua, Ohio, Dec. 23 and 24.

STEWART'S GREAT WESTERN MINSTRELS will organise in Fort Wayne, Ind., and start early in February for a western tour. The party will consist of Billy Stewart, Harry Calvert, Georgy Nish, Johnny Smith, Eddy Stewart, the Jackson Sisters, Mr. Clark and Hattie Robinson.

FISH AND THORNTON'S MINSTRELS performed in Pittsburgh, Pa., on Dec. 21, and remained three days, when they visited Providence, R. I., on the 24th, and remained the 26th.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.—The Wash Norton party arrived in Georgetown, Cape of Good Hope, on Oct. 23, and gave a performance there that night to a crowded house. It was only fourteen days previous that this same company had first appeared in Georgetown, during which time they visited all the villages between Cape Town and Oudt-hoorn—a distance of 90 miles—and performed thirteen times! The company left Oct. 24 for Mossel Bay, from whence they proceeded to Port Elizabeth, where they arrived on Oct 28, and opened at Theatre Royal on Nov. 2.

THE honors of the mother of Billy Barker, the minstrel, who was lost at the steamboat disaster on the Ohio river lately, enquired for the past week by a correspondent, is Mrs. J. Ira Skipps, Custer, Wayne county, Michigan. He has a brother named George A. West living at 270 Jefferson avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

A. BANFORD, the *prima donna*, was married to Mollie Lowe, a female minstrel, in Virginia City, early in December.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS are billed for Rochester, N. Y., on Jan. 1st and 2d. M. L. Townsend and D. B. Hodges are advance agents.

DUPREE AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS were at Springfield, Mass., on Dec. 24th, 25th and 26th, and will perform in Hudson, N. Y., on Dec. 28th; Poughkeepsie, 29th and 30th, Albany, 31st; Troy, Jan. 1st, 2d and 3d; Newburgh, 4th; Middletown, 5th; Newark, N. J., 6th and 7th; Trenton, 8th and 9th, and thence to Baltimore for one week.

AT WILSON'S MUSIC HALL, St. Louis, 'The Voyage Musical, or a Trip to Europe and Back," has been the principal attraction, with Bray, Kemble, Wagner and Wilson in the principal parts. The Lottery of Fred Wilson takes well.

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS, in Brooklyn and Williamsburgh, continue to give their patrons, all this week, a large number of presents. The Christmas piece of "Santa Claus" will be presented another week at both houses. Stevie Rogers appears in Williamsburgh this week.

WE THINK ARD O'NEIL'S BIG SHOW MINSTRELS performed at Liberty Hall, Alexandria, Virginia, on Christmas, giving two performances. The company attracted two large audiences, and the entertainments were greatly enjoyed. Messrs. De Witt Lawrence, G. A. Clare, Thomas Birch, T. E. Webster, J. H. Thompson, J. T. Shaw, Master Eddie, Holce Bryan', W. Nelson, J. H. Stone, F. Newman, H. Western, and Hank Page form the troupe. "Sports in the Wilderness," "The Miser and his Progs and Troublesome Servants," "Just dropped in," and "Ole Bull in a Fix," were given.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS perform in Cleveland, Ohio, on December 28th and 29th.

Circuses.

EATON STONE, the veteran equestrian, who has been living the life of a farmer the past year or so, contemplates trying the road "just for once more," and will probably one more astonish the country folks by his daring and graceful bare-back riding. For several months he has been in daily practice on his old horse, getting in good condition for the summer.

A BOY wishes to apprentice himself to a circus manager. See E. C. Hagerty's advertisement.

CHARLES WHITE, clown, can be engaged for the coming season For all news see advertisement.

MRS. WARNER'S CIRCUS, Tenth and Callowhill streets, Philadelphia, Pa., is reported as doing a good business. Artists of ability are requested to forward their proposals. See advertisement in another column.

JAMES E. COOKE, Mad. DeBerg and Hannan and Holloway, gymnasts and leapers, can be engaged. See advertisement in another column.

THE FRONT STREET THEATRE, Baltimore, closed on Dec. 26th after a season of one week. The company started for Philadelphia on Dec. 27th. James Robinson goes south with the Howes and Castelli Circus.

BILLY KINCADE died in Baltimore, Md., on Sunday, Dec. 27th.

Music Halls.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—George Moffitt, one of the stage hands at the Theatre Comique, Boston, was instantly killed on the evening of Dec. 23d, by falling to the stage from the "flies." It was his duty to manage the curtain and other matters in the fly-loft. It was about half-past eight o'clock, while the ballet was on, that the dancers and others were startled by an unusual noise on the stage near the wings. There was a sound of some one striking after a fall, and a cry of pain. It required but a moment to learn that Mr. Moffitt had fallen from the fly-loft to the stage floor. It appears that he had fallen head foremost, and struck his head upon the stairs ascending to the loft, a distance of 20 feet. In his descent he grazed against Mr. Shappe, one of the gymnasts, who was standing near, and then glanced off so that his head struck one of the steps of the stairway, cracking that and another; thence he fell to the floor. There was a bad cut upon the head just above and behind one of the ears, which bled copiously. When picked up Mr. Moffit was insensible, and physicians were at once sent for, but the man lived only a few moments. It is supposed Mr. Moffit was sitting in a chair and tipped over while dozing. He was 23 years of age, and was brother of James S. Moffit, the pantomimist, who had left for New York in the afternoon, and to whose house in Roxbury the body was taken.

KATE CRAFT in the name of *danseuse* who was connected with the Dayton, Ohio, Theatre, several years ago. About the time Kate was dancing there, says the Dayton, O., *Daily Ledger*, of Dec. 29th, her mother—then a widow—was married to a party keeping a livery at the there. In a short time Kate's mother was enabled to purchase a house and lot in Dayton which, at her death, which occurred a few months ago, she bequeathed to Kate. On Dec. 16th the step-father died on Kate at her residence in Cincinnati, and invited her to take a ride with him in a buggy, out to see his farm, located on the Miami road, some distance out of the city. She accepted the invitation and got into the buggy, when he drove off at a rapid rate down the river road. They arrived at the farm, and after taking a superficial view of it, the horses' heads were turned toward home. After they had driven a mile or two, it now being dark, he suddenly stopped his horses and demanded that Kate should, the next morning, meet him at a certain lawyer's office on Third street, and convey to him the house and lot left her by her mother, and situated in Dayton. The house and lot, he claimed, was purchased with his money, and by right belonged to him; at the same time he drew from his pocket a pistol, and pointing it at her head, threatened to kill her unless she would promise to make the conveyance above spoken of. See no other alternative, she complied with his request, and promised to meet him at the place mentioned on the morrow. In order to make her compliance with his request more sure, he now took from his finger a diamond ring valued at $35, and then drove her to her residence in the city, but before letting her out of the buggy, warned her not to fail to comply with her agreement on the morrow. Instead of seeking the lawyer's office on Third street, according to the agreement, Kate, the next day, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, went to seek advice at the office of a counselor, who, at the time, happened to be absent from his office. While seated at the office waiting for the attorney, the door suddenly opened and the step-father entered. After making one or two harsh remarks about her non-appearance on Third street, he caught her by the throat and choked her so that she fell to the floor, crying "murder!" Her cries soon brought assistance, when he ran out of the office, leaped into his buggy and drove away. A warrant has been issued for his arrest.

THE VARIETIES THEATRE, Atlanta, Ga., has been renovated and remodeled, and is now open under the management of Charley White, with Jim Porter as stage manager and the following company:—Senorita Marie, Sallie Eldridge, Mlle Josephine, Lottie Mitchell, Carrie Westen, Johnny Wea er, Gus Frank, John and Frank Brackleven. Artists of ability can obtain engagements at this house by addressing as per advertisement in another column.

JOHN KENDRICK opened the old Theatre, Delaware, Ohio, with a small variety company on Dec. 19th.

THE GETTYSBURG HALL, Washington, D. C., was opened on Dec. 24th, by Wm. Fleetwood, the dramatist and author, with Gen. A. Duffy as treasurer, and Mons. Adrien's French Ballet Troupe as the pincipal attraction. Our correspondent "Novice" says:—"I attended on Christmas night. The hall, which is situated on Louisiana avenue, is in the rear of two leading hotels, and is the same establishment that was conducted during the war. The initial performance was largely attended, and on Christmas afternoon and evening the hall was densely packed. The entertainment commenced with an olio part, in which Miss Bouquet, Richard Clark, Nellie Howard, Geo. DeBurton, Miss Fevre and Mons. Veaudemont participated. The *Can-Can* was given in a manner purely Frenchy, Mlle. Idelle, Mlle. Marie Adrien and Mlle. Eugenie Oberti appearing in the cast. On Saturday afternoon, Dec. 26th, a performance was given to another full house, and in the evening a densely crowded audience assembled to witness the performance and enjoy the *Can-Can*, the manner in which it had been given having spread over town like wild fire. The performance went on swimmingly until toward the close, when an interruption occurred little dreamed of by the audience. Just as an interesting scene of the *Can-Can* was in progress, a Lieutenant of the Detective *corps* of Police stepped upon the stage, and proceeding to the front announced to the audience that he held in his possession a warrant for the arrest of the company; that he was acting under orders of the Chief of Police, and that the building would be forthwith closed. This announcement was received with shouts of derision, one individual even going so far as to propose three groans for the Chief of Police. Mr. Fitzsimmons then came on, and endeavored to expostulate with the detective; he denied that the entertainment was, as the warrant alleged, viz., indecent, obscene, lascivious and lewd. The audience seemed to think as Fits did, and as they had paid their money to see the *Can-Can*, they were clamorous for the dance to proceed. The officers, however, were determined to stop proceedings; consequently the house was speedily emptied, and the performers marched before a magistrate, who dismissed all except Mr. Fitzsimmons, the lessee, informing them that they would not be allowed to perform in the Canterbury building again.....A very enjoyable entertainment is still given at Lobb's Music Hall, Billy Rice appearing in the minstrel scene on the bones end, and Jimmy Quinn as tamborinist. Bob Hall is interrogator. He sings an amusing song entitled the 'Frog's Serenade.' Miss Annie H. Hall sings songs of the Old Camp Ground in a pleasing manner, and in the second part Billy Rice and Charlie Clarke appear in a Lingard burlesque and provoke much merriment. The sensation star, Lizzie La Grange; Marie Reynolds, *danseuse*, and Estelle Wayne, vocalist, are named for an early appearance. Two performances were given at the Metropolitan Hall on Christmas day, the audience in the evening being very large, and the programme offered a very choice one. The comic vocalist, Fred. Buckingham, and his sons, Edgar and Ernest, are meeting with much success. The boys are clever little fellows. Master Edgar plays very neatly on the violin, and Ernest sings a comic song quite acceptably. G. L. Hall sings the 'Silvery Midnight Moon,' Johnny Harris the 'Sports at Crystal Springs,' and Charlie Howard 'Charming Nell.' Mr Buckingham's songs, 'The Opinions of Old Sarah Walker' and 'Sweet Isabella,' are highly relished, and Annie Hindle's impersonations are much enjoyed, although she has added but two new selections since her opening night. Jennie Demars has not as yet sung anything fresh, unless 'Beautiful Dreamer' can be made an exception. Marie Scott appears in a new song and dance entitled 'Hetty Clever,' written for her by Bob Hall. A good old fashioned Ethiopian sketch called 'Happy Uncle John' is given by Charlie Howard and Geo. L. Hall. Mr. Howard excels in old men's characters, his impersonations being natural and life like. Viola Clifton and Nellie Edwards continue to enjoy a membership in the company. The *Can-Can* is announced for an early production."

THE EXCHANGE, Indianapolis, Ind., was opened by Messrs. Lee and Company on Dec. 21st. E. D. Gooding continues as stage manager and interlocutor, Geo. G. Thompson and Frank Wilson the ends. Lillie Wheeler, J. A. Hodges and Professor Eugene Doebler, are the latest attractions.

FIRE.—The Olympic Varieties, New Orleans, was destroyed by fire on Dec. 23d. The cause of the fire is unknown, but supposed to have originated from a fire cracker thrown upon the stage by a disorderly member of the audience. It was first discovered by a gentleman stopping at Irving's Lodging House, and by him communicated to the patrolman upon the beat. Some time elapsed before the engines were at work, and the theatre completely destroyed; also great damage done the adjoining buildings, including the restaurant of Mr. N. Miller and Ferval's Exchange. Our correspondent, "Nat Ormsby," says:—"I am informed that the loss sustained by all parties will reach the snug sum of sixty thousand dollars, mostly covered by insurances. Most of the members of the Olympic company lost their wardrobe. Fred T. Shaw, the stage manager, is deserving of great credit for his endeavors to save the property of the theatre from the devouring elements. Fred has been very unlucky of late years. If I mistake not, it is the third time he has suffered by fire since 1866. The first at the Theatre Comique, St. Louis; second, Varieties, Cincinnati, O., and third, the Olympic Theatre, of this city. Quite a number of deserving people in the music hall line have been thrown out of employment."

THE BUCKINGHAM'S MUSICAL ARTISTS, who advertise in another column, are open to accept a few engagements. They are now performing at the Metropolitan Hall, Washington, D. C.

FIRST CLASS dancing and singing ladies are wanted at Sam's Comique, Wilmington, Del. See John Rivers' card elsewhere.

THE VARIETY THEATRES IN CINCINNATI did well the past week. The admission price is small—ten cents—and they rely on large houses and the patronage of their bars for support. In consequence, three of them are now better supported than one used to be. At the Oxford Music Hall they have several good minstrels, including Dick Parker, J. W. Jacobs, Lew Carana, and this week John Rushton, the clogging, appears. The "Virginia Cupid" ran through the past week, with Barker as Cuff, Jacobs as Sam Johnson, and Rosa Lee as Rose ..... At the Sixth Street Varieties, C. W. Sullivan, J. H. Clark, Harry Alberts, Master Willie, Lizzie Jackson, the Marling Sisters and Annie Clark constitute the company..... The Race Street Varieties still flourishes, with the same company already reported.

AT THE VARIETIES, St. Louis, the principal features have been "Grecian Bend," by Sallie Mason; Jennie Eagan in a stripping rope dance; song and Highland fling by A. R. Campbell (a new feature); "Love in all Corners;" "Pas De Scar," and the Can-Can. The afterpiece was "Lorie," a new drama, with Frank Frayser in the *role*.

UNCLE IKE TAMBLIN has resumed the management of the Varieties, Pittsburgh, Pa., which he announced to reopen on Dec. 28th, with an entire new company.

THE OLD PITTSBURGH THEATRE was announced to reopen on Dec. 28th, with a variety company, under the management of H. W. Williams, with George Edeson as stage manager.

AT THE BELLA UNION, San Francisco, August Lohman and Young America are among the latest additions.

SAILED.—The Dashwood Sisters—Lizzie and Emily—and Henry Norbling, sailed from California for this city the first week in December.

AT THE ALHAMBRA, San Francisco, business is reported to be excellent. On December 2d Johnny Mack's new burlesque, entitled "After Dark Brought to Light," was produced to a crowded audience. The cast is rare most of them caricatures of the Opera House cast. Johnny DeAngelis' take off of Harry Jackson as Dicey Morris, is said to be particularly clever. The Burlesque has the element of popularity in it and is good for a run. On December 4th the benefit of the Grant Invincibles took place to a crowded auditorium. "After Dark" was repeated, and ten Glee Clubs contributed for the prize of a silver goblet. The palace came of "A Trip Around the World" was to be unrolled on December 10th.

THE VARIETIES, Mobile, Alabama, did a good business during the week ending December 19th. On December 14th, Billy Kiroy, "the Cure," put in an appearance and was favorably received. Besides his "cure" he does several negro acts and dances on stilts. Johnny Kopera remains a favorite with his clogs and negro eccentricities. Messrs. Caulfield and Ross are also popular. Starr sings several ballads and executes fancy dances. Manager Bowzer promised new attractions and fresh novelties for the Holidays.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Nashville, is said to be doing a fair business with the following company:—Welsh Edwards, Lizzie Mowbray, Ettie Barker, Ida Newton, Kate Davenport, and Sol. Martin. Our correspondent says:—Griffin manages well. Murphy is huge, in his new "Essence of Kentucky." Smith is *encored* several times in his banjo solo. Julia Levitt, and Hattie Mason left for Louisville, Kentucky, on December 20th. This establishment has one of the best orchestras I ever listened to.

Miscellaneous.

Distin's Engle's Brass Band Instruments can be had of Boosey & Co., who advertise in another column.

A GLASS STEAM ENGINE is offered for sale by Geo. K. Goodwin, in an advertisement elsewhere.

GUS GEBERT, leader of orchestra and pianist, can be engaged. See his advertisement.

A PANORAMA OF THE WAR is advertised for sale. See B. F. Libby's card.

CHARLES WEIGHTMAN, late of Dan Rice's Circus, who does aquatic feats, advertises that he can be engaged.

A CHIME OF CONCERT BELLS is advertised for by N. H. Leavitt. See his card elsewhere.

MARTINI CHIRISKI, juggler, can be engaged after the 18th inst. See his advertisement in another column.

THE WILLIAM PEAK FAMILY BELL RINGERS, perform in Reading, Pa., on Jan. 1st and 2d.

WISBEY'S PANORAMA OF CALIFORNIA was exhibited in St. Paul, Minn., on Dec. 14th, where it continued three days.

P. T. BARNUM and P. V. Nasby lectured in Philadelphia the past week, but neither of them attracted a large house.

A PANORAMA is advertised for sale by J. Delannay, whose card see elsewhere.

THE ELKS.—The members of the Grand Lodge are requested by an advertisement in another column to assemble on the 10th of January.

OLIVER HALL, Sing Sing, N. Y., is advertised for rent, by the night or week, for traveling exhibitions.

BLIND TOM appears in New Haven, Conn., Dec. 29th; Williamsburgh, L. I., 30th; Newburgh, N. Y., 31st, and Jersey City, Jan. 1st and 2d. He then goes west.

WM. HORACE LINGARD put in one night at Music Hall, New Haven, Con., Dec. 29th.

JAMES TAYLOR, the London comique, and Alf. Burnett, combination, were at Opera Hall, Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 21st and 22d, and Louisville, Ky., 23d, 24th and 25th.

COL. AMES' MUSEUM in New Orleans is reported to be doing a good business.

ENGAGED.—C. Amory Bruce, having concluded to emerge from private life once more and take to the road, has started out as manager *par tolum* for Norwood, the great Native American gift show Wizard."

PAREPA ROSA was at Rochester, N. Y., on Dec. 26 h. Her route ahead is as follows:—Dec. 28 h, Rochester; 29th, Rutland, Vt.; 30th, Troy; 31st, Springfield, Mass.; Jan. 2d, New Haven, Conn.; 4 h and 6th, Boston, Mass.; 5th, Portland, Me.; 8th and 9th, New York; 12th, Brooklyn; 13th and 14th, Philadelphia, Pa.; 15th, Harrisburg; 16th, Trenton, N. J.; 18 h and 20th, Baltimore, Md.; 19th and 21st, Washington, D. C. On the 26th she will open the new hall in Chicago, and will play the 27th and 28th in Milwaukee.

MRS. YELVERTON advertises her first dramatic reading in Cincinnati, at Hopkins' Hall. Her admission figure is one dollar.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG concertises in Auburn, N. Y., Dec. 30th.

PROF. DE HOUNES' TROUPE opened in Carson City, Cal., on Dec. 1st. The entertainment consisted of song, dance, rope walking, sword and stone swallowing and farce. The performance was pronounced decidedly "original," and portions of the audience "hilarious," to an extensive degree.

FRANK O'RILEY'S HIBERNICON, a panorama of Irish scenery, was on exhibition at the Gold Hill Theatre, Cal., on Dec. 1st and 2d. The *News* says the Hibernicon is no one-legged, rope walking monkey show, no burnt cork bilk, nor Burnett-McCullough burlesque of "Richard III," but a really beautiful and interesting work of art.

LYCEUM HALL, Lynn, Mass., the only public hall in that shoe town and used by showmen, was entirely destroyed by fire on Dec. 26th. The hall was valued at $15,000; insured for $6,000. The origin of the fire is supposed to have been a defect in the furnace of the hall, which had been used the evening before for a dramatic entertainment given by J. M. Ward, the Irish comedian, and Yankee Gunn, supported by the Boston Theatre Company. The bill of the evening comprised "Our Country Cousin," "Crime and Its Consequence" and "The Irish Emigrant."

Foreign Show News.

LONDON THEATRICALS.—As the time approaches for the magic season of pantomime, fewer novelties have lately been presented by the metropolitan managers. The latest new piece is that of "Tame Cats," by Mr. Yates, which was announced for production at the Prince of Wales Theatre on Dec. 12th, on which occasion Mr. Charles Collette, late an officer in the Third Dragoon Guards, was to make his first appearance..... Miss Bateman appeared on Dec. 5th at the Haymarket, in Mosenthal's new play of "Pietro," in which she is said to have achieved a success, and it is announced for repetition until Dec. 24th, the close of her engagement. The *Times* says:—"Although written by the same author, 'Pietro' is totally dissimilar in character to 'Leah,' being a *bona fide* tragedy, in the sense understood by our fathers, with dialogue written in blank verse, and spoken by personages in ideal costumes, altogether denoting a disposition to soar above that prosaic reality which has lately ruled the stage."..... At Drury Lane, the Adelphi, Princess', Queen's, Olympic, Strand, New Royalty, Holborn, Globe, Standard, Victoria and Alexandra Theatres, and at the Royal Amphitheatre, there has been no change .....At Sadler's Wells, on Dec 7th, for the benefit of Miss Hazlewood, the manageress, a miscellaneous performance, including scenes from "Romeo and Juliet," the "Merchant of Venice," "School for Scandal," and a new operetta entitled "Kevin's Choice" was produced.....A New Way to Pay Old Debts," "The Wife's Secret" and "Land Rats and Water Rats" have been the attractions at the Surrey..... The old drama of "Nearly Lost" has been produced at the New East London.....At the Pavilion, "Macbeth," "Hamlet" and "Othello" have been performed.....Arthur Lloyd, the comic singer, having concluded his five months' tour through the provinces, has returned to London, and is announced to appear at the Canterbury, Pavilion and Metropolitan Music Halls on Boxing Night .....London After Dark" continues on the boards of the Princess' .....The St. James was to open on Dec. 26th under the management of Mdlle. De La Ferte, with the following company:—Mdlle. De La Ferte, Lucy Rushton (first appearance since her successful tour through America and Canada?); Maria Simpson, Mrs. Poynter, Florence Kveleigh, Misses Mearabel, Hill, Herbert, Sinclair, Howard, Duval, Graham, Fortescue, and George Jordan. Charles F. Coghlan, Arthur Williams, Messrs. Flockton, Chamberlain, Valentine Hayes, Speedy, Allen and Bosh, and the Kiralfy Family, five in number.....The burlesque of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" reached its two hundred and seventeenth performance on Dec. 19th at the Strand .....Mr. Billington, who has been left a handsome property, has abandoned his intended visit to America, and is about to become the manager of H. L. Bateman's new company at Liverpool.....Considerable addition has been made to the stage and surroundings of Her Majesty's Theatre. The dimensions of the new house run thus:—Height from pit floor to the ceiling in the centre, 63 feet; height from the stage to the roof over it, 70 feet; height of basement under the stage, 24 feet; length from back of stage to curtain, 52 feet 3 inches; length from curtain to the front of the boxes in centre, 70 feet; diameter of curve of boxes on pit tier, 56 feet. The proscenium, when finished, will be 40 feet in width by 36 ft. in height..... The St. James has been bought by Mrs. John Wood, the American actress, and will be pulled down, together with some of the houses in the adjoining court, with a view to entire reconstruction and improvement .....Fred Evans, pantomimist and dancer at the Alhambra, has met with an accident, which will necessitate his retirement from the stage for a short period.....Miss Fanny Gwynne is engaged at the Haymarket to play Lord Beaufort in Burnand's burlesque of "The Frightful Hair."..... The opening of the New Gaiety was fixed for Dec. 21st. The house will be capable of accommodating 2,000 persons. There are five rows of arm chairs in the balcony, four rows of upper box seats, admitting of considerable standing room, twenty-eight private boxes and a spacious gallery. The building is as nearly fire proof as possible, for not only are all staircases, passages and corridors made of stone and cement, and arched in every case but the ceilings, walls, but the several floors have no wood in their construction except the flooring boards, and they are laid upon the iron framework, embedded in a mass of concrete. The act drop, unlike those at the generality of theatres, is intended not as a separate scene or picture, but as a part of the decorations of the house. There is a small vignette in the centre of it representing a villa on the shores of an Italian lake. Among the company engaged by Mr. John Hollingshead, the manager, are Mr. Alfred Wigan, Mr. Stuart (from the Odeon, Gaiete, and Porte St. Martin theatres, Paris), Mr. C. Lyall (from her Majesty's Opera) Miss Tremaine, Mr. Maclean, Madge Robertson, E. Fowler, Nellie Farren, Maude Elliott, Constance Loseby, Lilian Hastings, Miss Litton, R. Soutar (stage manager), Barlow, Eldred, Joseph Robins, H. Cooper, Tresdale, J. Reeves, Miss A. Lister, Miss L. Henrie, Bolton and Griffiths. The opening piece will be "The Two Harlequins," an operetta in one act, by Mr. Jonas, the libretto by Mr. G. a' Beckett. A comedy drama, in three acts, adapted from the French, and entitled, "On the Cards," and an extravaganza entitled, "Robert the Devil," by Mr. W. S. Gilbert.

J. P. CROCKER, of the Morris-Christy Minstrels, was up for a benefit on Dec. 22d, at St. James' Hall.

PARIS THEATRICALS.—At the Palais Royal a drama in four acts entitled "Le Roi d'Amatibon," which has just been produced, is a positive failure. Its attempts at gaiety are dismal, and its drollery lugubrious to a degree. The curtain fell amid a shower of hisses.....At the Porte St. Martin M. Raphael Felix revived, on Dec. 5 h, the exciting drama of "La Dame de Monsoreau," taken from the romance of that name, the production of M. Alexandre Dumas and Maquet..... The Theatre San Benedetto, at Venice, is to be henceforth entitled the Theatre Rossini, in memory of the illustrious composer who wrote for this theatre his two operas, "L'Italiana in Algieri" and "Edoardo and Cristina." A great festival is about to take place in commemoration of the change of title..... In "*Le Corricolo*," the latest novelty at the Opera Comique, M. Poise, a disciple of Adolphe Adam, has made a decided success. The libretto is by MM. Lubiche and Delacour, and are somewhat slight for a three-act piece. Mad. Cabel and M. Sic. Foy have the most important parts. "*L'Ombre*," the new opera by M. Fiotow, and M. Offenbach's "*Vert-vert*" are being simultaneously rehearsed..... "*Miss Mullon*," the three act drama by MM. Eugene Nus and Adolphe Belot, produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, has been taken, without acknowledgment, from Mrs. Wood's novel, "East Lynne." At the same house two one-act pieces, "Le Petit Voyage" and "Autour de Lac," have been successfully produced.

MISS JOSEPHINE FIDDES has been playing "Leah" in Carlisle and other towns of the north of England.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL had a narrow escape of losing the valuable jewels they use in their entertainment. On Dec. 9th, they sang at Worcester, Eng., and after the performance the music hall was broken into and a search made by the police, who found, after the performances were over, some of the diamonds which Mrs. Paul wore in one of her representations. Fortunately the jewels, from the accident of the lock of a trunk being broken, were conveyed to the hotel where Mr. and Mrs. Paul stayed.

THE ALEXANDRA THEATRE, Liverpool, reopened for the season on Dec. 7th, with the comedy of "As You Like It," under the management of Edward Saker. Mr. Ryder, Mr. Sharon Murray, and Miss Beatrice Shirley, were expressly engaged for six nights to play Jaques, Orlando and Rosalind. The house appeared as Touchstone. R. H. Wyndham, of Edinburgh, appeared in the farce of "His Last Legs," and Miss Julia St. George, Miss Rachel Sanger, and Mr. Willey, sang the National Anthem. Mr. Byron was to appear the following week in a new comedy.

G. F. GRAHAME, the "Old Man" of the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool, has received and undertaken the post of Stage Manager at the Alexandra Theatre, in the same town.

W. H. HIMMOR, better known as "Hoffman," the blind English tenor singer of the Surrey and Britannia Theatres, and many of the principal metropolitan music halls, has for two months lain in a perfectly prostrated by a sudden and severe attack of acute rheumatism, and thus rendered utterly unable to attend to any professional duties or fulfil his engagements in the North this season. He is at present in Brighton, in a very straitened pecuniary position.

MRS. R. FORDE, known in the profession as Belle Brandon, died in England Dec. 19 h.

"AS SEEN AT AS WE LOOKS."—The new play of H. J. Byron—was produced at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, Eng., on Dec. 4th, and is pronounced a success.

WALLACK is said to be at work on a "Romeo and Juliet." It is announced to be given at St. Petersburg in the season of 1869-70, with Mme. Ristori.

MLLE HURRIS RONY, a young and brilliant pianist, about fifteen years since, suddenly disappeared from Paris. It was at first said she was in NEW YORK, her death was announced. She has just recovered her liberty, after fourteen years' detention in a house for the insane, where she was kept under the name of Josephine Chevalier. The *Journal des Debats* announces that this mysterious affair will speedily come before the criminal law courts.

"ARRANO LINCOLN E GIOVANNI BOOTH" is the title of a new play acting at a Naples theatre. The sensational scene is the leap of a slave girl from a three-story window.

CHESS BY TELEGRAPH.

BOSTON vs. SPRINGFIELD

Some time ago a party of amateur chess players at Springfield, Mass., formed an association known as the Springfield Chess Circle. There were some fine players among them, and during the early part of the spring of the present year, a match was made between them and the chess-ists, amateur and professional, of Worcester. The game was played over the Franklin telegraph lines, and Worcester was beaten. Not wishing to give it up so, Worcester practiced a bit and challenged Springfield to another trial, only to be again defeated. Elated with their success, the circle of the musket city invited the chess parambulators of Boston to a trial, the party winning two games out of three to be declared the victors. The brethren at the "Hub" were agreeable and two games have recently been played by telegraph. The third and decisive game will be taken up immediately after the holidays, and the result is anxiously looked for by the friends of both sides. The match has excited not a little attention. The following is the record of the two games just completed:—

FIRST GAME.

Boston.	Springfield.	Boston.	Springfield.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	26. K × Q	R-Q 8 +
2. Kt-K B 3	Kt-Q B 3	27. K-Kt 2	R × Q
3. B-B 4	B-B 4	28. K × R	R-R 3
4. P-Q Kt 4	B × P	29. K-B 3	R-Q B 2
5. P-B 3	B-B 4	30. P-R 3	Kt-R 3
6. Castles	P-Q 3	31. P-B 5	B-R 4
7. P-Q 4	P × P	32. P-K 6	P-K B 3
8. P × P	B-Kt 3	33. K-B sq	R-Kt 5
9. Kt-B 3	B-K Kt 5	34. B-B sq	K-K 2
10. B-Q Kt 5	B × Kt	35. B × Kt	P × B
11. P × B	K-B sq	36. K-K 2	P-B 6
12. B × Kt	P × B	37. K-Q sq	P-B 7 +
13. Kt-K 2	Q B 3	38. K-B sq	R-B 5
14. P-B 4	P-B 4	39. R-K 5	B-R 4
15. P-K 5	P × K P	40. P-K B 5	B-Kt 3
16. Q × K P	Q-K 1	41. R-K 2	R × P
17. Kt-Kt 3	P-K R 4	42. R × P	R-P 4
18. Q-B 3	R-K sq	43. K-Q sq	R × P
19. B-Kt 2	Q-R 3	44. K-K 2	A × P
20. B-B 3	B-B 2	45. K-Q B 4	R-K B 5
21. P-K Kt 4	B × P	46. Kt-Q B 5 +	K-B 4
22. Q-Q 2	P-Q Kt 3	47. Kt-K 4	P-Q R 4
23. R-K Kt sq	B-B 4	48. K-B 3	K-K 4
24. P-K R 3	P-K 4	49. R-Q B 3	P-K B 4
25. Kt-K 4	Q × K B +	50. Kt-Q 3	K-Q 4

Boston resigns.

SECOND GAME.

Springfield	Boston.	Springfield.	Boston.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	25. Kt-B 5 +	R × Kt
2. Kt-K B 3	Kt-Q B	26. B × R	Kt-Kt 3
3. B-B 4	B-B 4

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

FOR THEATRICALS, or other Advertisements coming under the head of AMUSEMENTS, 25cts per line for each and every insertion.
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FOR NOTICES—to be incorporated in our News Departments—such as address from other papers, etc., thirty cents per line; the same notice not to be inserted more than once.
IN OUR LEADED OR EDITORIAL COLUMNS nothing of a paid character will appear, as we reserve that space for a free and independent opinion of our own opinions.
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NOTICE TO MANAGERS, ACTORS, THEATRICAL AGENTS AND OTHERS.
The United States Court having decided the Railroad Scene in "After Dark" to be an infringement of my copyright in "UNDER THE GASLIGHT,"
all persons are hereby warned against performing said scene in "After Dark," under the penalties prescribed by Act of Congress. Permission to perform said scene must be obtained from me. Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer, of Niblo's Garden, having paid my claim to date, have permission from me to perform said scene at that theatre.
The injunction obtained by me against "After Dark" is in full force in all parts of the United States.
Dated New York, Dec. 19th, 1868. AUGUSTIN DALY.
38-3t

FOOTNER & SCHMIDT,
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